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FIRE DOES MUCH DAMAGE TO SMETHPORT PROPERTY

Five Main Street Buildings Destroyed and Nine Business Places Put Out of Commission.

THE ESTIMATED LOSSES ARE PLACED AT ABOUT $45,000.

For a Time It Looked as Though the Whole Town was Going to be Destroyed.

THE HEROIC WORK OF FIREMEN AND CITIZENS

Was Finally Rewarded and the Town Saved From Destruction.

THE FIRE ENGINE WAS WORTH $100,000 TO SMETHPORT TO-DAY

Destroyed Buildings Belonged to D. C. Young, J. A. Holder, J. F. Rooney, Anderson & Carlson and Ghordis Oviatt—They Contained Young's Old Stock, Mrs. A. E. Hinman's Millinery, Dry Goods Stock and Household Effects, Dr. F. C. Pierce's Dental Parlors, W. H. Hungerford & Co.'s Liquor Store, D. H. Quinlisk's Household Goods, J. Bender's Baber Shop, Rooney's Meat Market, Anderson & Carlson's Shoe Store; Jas. Quirk's Restaurant and Living Rooms and J. Pickersgill's Store, Bakery and Living Rooms.

Smethport was visited on Tuesday by one of the most destructive and certainly the most stubborn fire in its history. Five business buildings and several out buildings were destroyed, entailing a loss of upwards of $45,000.

About 10:35 fire was discovered in the stairways between D. C. Young's and J. A. Holder's store buildings and an alarm was turned in. The Hose Company responded quickly but so rapid was the progress of the fire that it was certain that several buildings were doomed, even before the first stream was turned on the buildings.

Within twenty minutes after the alarm was given both these buildings, which were wooden structures, were seething masses of flames and although there were six streams of water being poured into them and on adjoining buildings the fire had spread to John Bender's barber shop and from there to John F. Rooney's meat market on the west.

About this time the large plate glass windows in the Yong store were broken and let out a stream of fire which nearly reached to the curb on the other side of the street. The hose attached to the hydrant across from this store was burned until it burst and the store owned by Ghordis Oviatt and occupied by J. W. Pickersgill caught fire and was practically ruined before it could be quenched.

A changing southeast wind was blowing a gale and huge cinders were being blown all over the business part of the town. Houses, stores and barns were catching fire nearly every minute and for a time it looked as though most of the business section of the town would be burned to the ground. The firemen and citizens were fighting the advancing flames like demons, but they were being forced back step by step by the increasing heat of the flames.

Nearly every housetop within a radius of three hundred yards was being protected by people with garden hose or buckets of water, but even then many small fires were discovered in these buildings. Holes were burned in the roofs of the Commercial hotel, H. W. Rubin's residence, Alfred Sturdvient's residence, E. F. Richmond's barn and several other places on the northwest of the big fire, while Specht & Sasse's furniture store and The Lindholm Company's dry goods store on the east were afire any number of times and put out by prompt action of the bucket brigade.

A desperate effort was made to stop the westward advance of the flames at Anderson & Carlson's shoe store, but so intense was the heat that it burned right through the brick veneering, while two streams of water were being plied on the east walls, and in considerable less an hour that, too, was a roaring furnace.

The firemen were forced back to the Kerr building which is a solid brick but in another instant the flames were licking the wooden cornice of that building and thick clouds of smoke were sweeping across its roof. However this was the best chance to check the advance of the fire and a desperate fight was made. Brave men stuck to the hose on the roof and at the ends of this building when the air around them was like the infernal region and until their faces and ears were fairly blistered. It was a fierce struggle and spectators held their breaths while the battle was being waged, but finally the Anderson & Carlson building fell in and the fire fighters had won a glorious victory.

While this battle was going on other fire fighters were having nearly as hot a tussle to save the residence of Thos. W. Camp and the store building of Specht & Sasse. Everybody thought both buildings were doomed and it was only the most heroic work that saved them. Nearly all the windows in the front of the Camp house were broken by the heat and its whole front was scorched to a dark brown.

The Specht & Sasse building is just across Union street east of the Young building and if that had got started it would have meant a further loss of at least $50,000. This and The Lindholm Co. store and the Mason buildings are all wooden structures, together with the Union Telephone office and the Taylor house, and nothing could have stopped the fire short of Wells' brick drug store had the flames crossed the street. Windows were broken in the Specht & Sasse store and a curtain at one of these windows was sowed to a crisp, while the heat kept the side of this building smoking a good share of the time, but excellent work coupled with unyielding perseverance finally won out and these properties were saved.

The Anderson & Carlson building fell shortly after 12 o'clock and this marked the first advance toward getting the fire under control. At 11:30 nearly everyone was in despair and help was asked from Bradford. Chief Henderson of the Bradford Fire Department got Sam Bedell and John Hipchen, two firemen, on the noon B., R. & P. flyer with 1,000 feet of hose and then started overland in F. D. Woods' automobile. They didn't waste any time, making the run of 20 miles over the mountains in 45 minutes, but when they arrived the fire was well under control and it was not necessary to unload the hose from the train. Chief Henderson looked the situation over and said that the Smethport firemen had done excellent work against big odds and he did not think he and his men could have done any better had they been here when the fire started.

Dr. F. C. Pierce, who had his dental parlors in the rear of the second story of the Young building, and Miss Hallie Walker, who was having some work done in his office, both had narrow escapes. The first intimation either had of the fire was when Dr. Pierce heard a strange noise in the hallway and looked out to find it all in flames. He told Miss Walker of the conditions and she rushed down the stairs to the street, the flames singeing her hair as she passed through them.

Dr. Pierce stopped to gather up a few of his most valuable instruments and when he tried the stairway he saw that an attempt would mean certain death. He returned to his rooms to wait for a ladder to be put up by the firemen, but so rapid did the fire spread that he was driven out a back window onto the roof of the annex where he was rescued by the firemen.

D. H. Quinlisk, two sons and one daughter, who had apartments over the Hungerford store, were all out of the building at the time the fire broke out and although two of them were working less than a block away at the time the alarm was given, neither of them could enter their rooms when they arrived there and they lost everything they had except the clothing they were wearing. Miss Bessie Quinlisk left a pocket book at home that morning, containing about $25, which was lost with her other belongings.

One of the heaviest losers in this fire is Mrs. A. E. Hinman, who conducted a millinery, ladies' furnishing and dry goods store in the Young building and had living rooms on the second floor. The stock of goods and the household furniture were worth upward of $6,000, and all the insurance she carried was $500. The store room filled with smoke so quickly that it was impossible for anyone to get into it three minutes after the alarm had sounded and therefore practically all that was saved was some winter goods that had been packed away in the basement.

Dr. Pierce said that a conservative estimate of his loss is $3,000 on which he carried an insurance of $1,000.

The loss to D. C. Young on his building is comparatively slight. The building cost over $8,000 but he had offered this property for less, so the insurance of $1,000 which he carried will come nearer covering his loss than any of the others in that block. He also lost the remainder of his old stock, but that was not of great value.

J. A. Holder, who owned the Hungerford store and Bender's shop, suffered a loss of about $2,500, about half covered by insurance.

The damage to goods in Hungerford's liquor store will not exceed $500, but he carried no insurance. He succeeded in saving the greater part of his barreled goods and some of the bottled goods.

The loss to D. H. Quinlisk and family is total and hard to figure out, but it is safe to say that $1,000 would not replace their loss. No insurance.

John F. Rooney had only a small stock of canned goods on hand, but all of his meat market tools and apparatus, including cooler, meat blocks, store furniture, etc., together with the building and ice house were destroyed entailing a loss of upwards of $2,500, on which he had no insurance.

Anderson & Carlson were the heaviest losers by the fire. Their building and stock will run above $16,000 and the whole amount of their insurance is $8,000. Practically nothing was saved from this building.

James Quirk, who occupied the west half of the first floor of the above named building as a restaurant and the whole of the second floor as living rooms and lodging house, suffered a loss of about $1,000, with no insurance. His family saved all of their valuable clothing and musical instruments, including Mrs. Quirk's piano.

Ghordis Oviatt, who owns the building occupied by J. W. Pickersgill and family, sustained a loss to his building of about $800, on which he carried an insurance of $700.

Mr. Pickersgill's bakery and household goods were badly damaged by fire and water but it is thought that the insurance of $1000 which he carried will cover the loss.

Thos. W. Camp's residence was damaged about $200 by fire and water which was fully covered by insurance.

W. J. Kerr's jewelry stock in the Chadwick building and his household goods in his own building over the theatorium were hurriedly removed and the hose taken through the latter to the roof. His loss is hard to estimate but it is thought that $1,000 will cover it. He has upwards of $2,000 in insurance.

Dr. Burg Chadwick did not remove any of the stock in his store or his household goods although it looked as though his place would be in ashes in a short time. His loss consists of a damaged roof and a broken window.

The extreme heat broke one of the big plate glass windows in The Lindholm Co.'s store and the roof was on fire several times, but $160 will cover the loss, fully insured.

The damage to the Specht & Sasse building, the Commercial Hotel, Alfred Sturdvient's residence and Richmond's barn is very slight.

What caused the fire will probably always be a mystery. Many theories are advanced and one is about as likely to be correct as another. When the fire was discovered it was in the hallways of both the Holder and Young buildings and as there was a space of about three feet between these buildings it might have started in either or on the ground between the two.

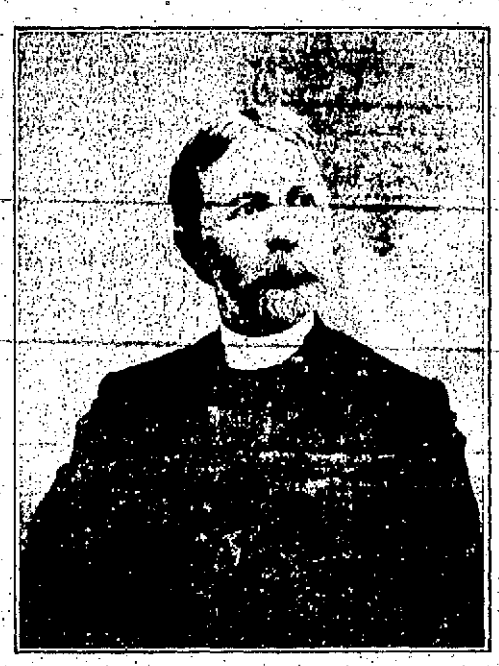
Before this fire some people seemed to think our new fire engine was little better than an ornament, but they changed their minds when they saw the execution it did on Tuesday. It was remarked many times during the day that the fire engine had been the means of saving at least $100,000 worth of property, and they did not place the estimate a dollar too high. Without the fire engine nothing on earth could have saved Specht & Sasse's store, Kerr's store and Camp's house. And had the fire spread to these buildings the area of fire would have been so large that the firemen could not have covered the ground and it is horrible to think of what the final outcome would have been.

The only thing that would have made the fire fighting more successful was more high pressure hose for the engine, and that we will undoubtedly have after the next meeting of the council on Monday next. Too much praise cannot be given the men both in and out of the hose company who worked so hard to save the property of others.

REV. McCANDLESS RESIGNS.

A Reception Held for Him—Bishop Whitehead Confirms Class.

During the past few days the attention of this community has been so occupied with exceptional things that there is danger that a matter of great interest to the town will be in a measure overlooked. It will be recalled that some time ago the Rev. J. Heber McCandless presented his resignation as rector of St. Luke's church. In 1880 or nearly thirty years ago he came (then a young man) to this place to assume the rectorship of this recently established parish. After a few years he married Miss Emma Hamlin, the daughter of one of the most respected families of this place. It was perhaps in part to this step that we owe his long residence here. Through all these years he has been a faithful and devoted minister of the church which he has served and a highly respected member of the community. He has been closely identified with the best interests of the place and has labored long and devotedly for the moral and spiritual welfare of all. He has always stood high in the regard of the people and now at the close of his work here as a Christian minister he still holds in the thought of all their esteem and respect in the amplest measure.



REV. J. HEBER McCANDLESS

A Christian minister who for so long a time has given his service of love in unstinted measure to the community is deserving of some public expression of the community's appreciation. It is perhaps due to the fact that Mr. McCandless intends to make his future home here that some such expression of regard has not been given in connection with the close of his public work here. Like every true servant of Christ who serves at the altar his work has been to enrich others. The memory of these years of service will, it is true, be ample recompense for all that he has borne as he has sought to guide the young, to give strength to the burdened and to comfort the hearts that God has from time to time touched with sorrow. It is to be hoped that as he spends the later days of life in this place where he has done the greater part of his life work he may feel that he is in the house of his friends.

Last Sunday was Mr. McCandless' last day with the church that he has served for almost a generation. The services were of special interest to all the members and friends of the church. Saturday evening Bishop Cortland B. Whitehead confirmed the last class which the retiring rector will present. The class numbered twenty-seven. In connection with the service the bishop gave a short address in which he dwelt feelingly upon the long service of Mr. McCandless to this church and upon the loss which will come with his retirement. Following the service there was a reception given to the rector in the parish house. The rooms were decorated with flowers and there were present a large number of members of the parish and many others who had been invited to attend, including the Rev. J. F. Dugan and the Rev. W. A. Harris, The Rev. James A. Smith of Troy, N. Y., was present as a guest and as a possible successor of Mr. McCandless.

On Sunday morning the bishop administered the Lord's Supper and gave a brief address. In the evening Mr. McCandless gave a short historical address covering the period of his ministry to this church and followed with some words of farewell to the church. After these words the Rev. James A. Smith preached a sermon on the "Little Things of Life." On Tuesday afternoon Mr. McCandless left for New England where he will spend some time with Mrs. McCandless when they are expected to return to this place to make it their home.

The poet is never able to give full expression to his emotions although he feels it natural and necessary to try, still he confesses that words are only the faintest shadow of his inspiration. It is with such sense of incompleteness that we attempt to express our loss sustained in the retirement of our beloved rector, the Rev. Mr. McCandless. We are losing a guide and a friend whose loss will be felt by the people of Smethport. It is a matter of sincere regret that he feels it his duty to give up his work and our prayers will be given daily that he and his loved wife may be kept. Regretting his loss we know that his work will live and bear fruit in our community—the height and beautiful results of his unceasing and loving service in the name of God.

Fence Posts for Sale.

Good second growth chestnut, 12 cts. each, delivered.

JAMES QUIRK

Scanlon-Heinemann Nuptials.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized this morning (April 29, 1909) at 5:30 in St. Elizabeth's church, when Miss Bessie E. W. Heinemann, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Heinemann of Colegrove, and Mr. Lawrence E. Scanlon of Colegrove were united in marriage by Rev. J. F. Dugan, pastor of this church. The beautiful ring service was used and the ceremony was witnessed by only a few of the immediate relatives and close friends of the bride and groom.

Immediately after the happy couple were made one they repaired to the Hotel Imperial where a dainty wedding breakfast was served and they received congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon will leave this afternoon for a short honeymoon trip to Buffalo and other Eastern cities, after which they will reside in Colegrove for the present.

The bride is a charming young lady who is well-known and deservedly popular with a large circle of friends in this vicinity. The groom spent his boyhood in Colegrove and since growing to manhood has been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company most of the time holding various positions in different parts of the country where the Standard is interested. The MINER with a host of friends wishes them a long life of unalloyed happiness.

MRS. W. J. KERR DIES SUDDENLY IN BRADFORD.

Lifeless Body Found in Tuna Creek Sunday Morning.

WANDERED FROM HOUSE AT NIGHT

She had Suffered Terribly for Months Past and Her Mind was Undoubtedly Unbalanced—Sad Death of One of Smethport's Most Estimable Women—Funeral Services Here This Afternoon.

This whole community was greatly shocked on Sunday morning when the information came that the death of Mrs. Maud Kerr, the wife of W. J. Kerr of this place, had occurred in Bradford a few hours earlier.

Mrs. Kerr had not been in good health for some time past and her condition had occasioned her friends considerable anxiety. It was thought that a few days of change and rest would do her good and so she was persuaded to spend a few days with her mother in Bradford. Her brother, David R. Bradley, came over for her on Saturday afternoon and Mrs. Kerr returned with him on the afternoon train. She appeared to be in a cheerful frame of mind and to enjoy the visit with her mother and other relatives. After supper she visited until between nine and ten o'clock when she retired for the night. Thinking that the rest would do her good her mother did not call her early and when she did go to her room she was surprised to find that it was empty. A search was at once begun and it was found that sometime during the night she had gone out of the house without the knowledge of anyone and in the morning her body was found lying face downward in the shallow waters of Tuna creek, where she had wandered in the dark. She had been dead for some time.

Maud Elizabeth Bradley was born on the 30th day of August, 1866, in Bath, N. Y., and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bradley. The first fourteen years of her life were spent in Bath and then the family moved to Bradford, where they have since resided. About 18 years ago she was married to William J. Kerr, and for the past five years the family has lived in Smethport. She leaves besides her husband three children, Grace aged 14, Hester aged eight and the baby, Maud, aged about six months. Her father has just died within the last month, but she is survived by her mother and one brother, David R. Bradley, of Bradford and one sister, Mrs. A. G. Moulton, of Denver, Colo.

The body was brought from Bradford to day on the B., R. & P. flyer and was taken to the Methodist Episcopal church where the funeral services were held at half past two in the afternoon, the Rev. W. A. Harris conducting the services. The unusually large attendance and the many beautiful floral offerings gave abundant evidence of the high esteem in which she was held by the whole community. The burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

We quote the following as a part of the tribute paid to Mrs. Kerr at the funeral service held this afternoon in the Methodist Episcopal church: "Art has been defined as the power of overcoming whatever parts him who says or does a beautiful thing from him who sees or hears it done, and joining them in the love and joy of it. God is the supreme artist. He is concerned with the things that are beautiful and true and good. There is in Him a mysterious power through which He unites us with Himself in the love and in the joy of these. He does not confine himself to writing our lives into prose, but He sweeps into our lives with a mighty emotion that writes poetry into life. He means that every life shall sing itself in numbers that shall be in correspondence with harmonies that shall never die out of the shores of any eternity.

When we find here and there a life that surprises us because of its singular strength and beauty and by its love for and its joy in truth and goodness we feel that we are near where the great Artist has been. It may be true that such lives are not as frequent as they should be among us, but the fact that such lives are found is always an encouragement to the men and women whose lives are touched with the master passions that possess the heart and the thought of God. The men and women who have comforted the great beating heart of the world,

"When far within the spirit's hearing falls
The great soft rumble of the course of things."

are the prophecy of men and women yet to come who shall bear up the world on their splendid thoughts and emotions and deeds. Is it too much to say that such men and women are in love with

(Continued on page 4.)

The Minister's Answer.

By SYLVIA MEREDITH.

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The little minister—little in stature, little in power, little in safety—sat before a table in his study diligently and laboriously searching amid the leaves of various volumes of reference and occasionally scribbling a few sentences on paper which later on should serve as notes for his sermon on the following Sunday.

The Rev. James Philander Dubois smiled fondly and proudly and gratefully while he thought. He was an unmarried clergyman who felt it incumbent upon himself to become one of the two principal performers in a ceremony in which already he had become quite proficient as an agent of fate where others were concerned.

So he leaned back and gazed at the ceiling and thought of a beautiful, brave young creature. He lingered mentally on her radiant face, her graceful form, and heard in his brain the sweet thrill of her voice.

He had never thought thus of any woman before. Until he first saw Marguerite Van Diemen a year ago he looked on all women with an obedient eye as parishioners and studied them only to decide what branch of church work, if any, they were best fitted for.

But the year that followed his first sight of the violet eyes of Miss Marguerite, and the brown hair that shone like sunny light drowned in amber pools in a forest brook, had been a year of awakening for him.

It was not a quite complete awakening, however. He was very thoroughly awake while starting, stark awake to the knowledge that he was so deeply in love with her that to lose her would mean a dreary, sorrowful life for him, but he was not awake enough to suppose that he had any qualities or attributes to please so wonderful and clever and bright a creature.

However, though the Rev. James Philander Dubois was thus humble and devoid of any proper self esteem, and though he did not believe that she could possibly want him, he was in love and being a logician he expected her answer to be "No," but he was going to ask the question.

So, like the [illegible] and determined [illegible] he was, he had written to [illegible] for the favor of an interview [illegible] matter very important to [illegible]. And she had replied, appointing [illegible] evening and adding, "You should know that I have declined an invitation to the County club dance in order to give you this evening, though the dance is the last one of the season and I was really anxious to go."

Perhaps it was this letter rather than the Rev. Mr. Philander's conviction of the stereotyped nature of all sermons that made it so difficult for him to finish the construction of his discourse.

Determined though he was, the question he was to ask Miss Marguerite in a few hours was the kind that no man ever asks without perturbation, and there was the last paragraph of her letter. It showed him that she was losing an evening of great enjoyment, for, though Marguerite Van Diemen was a good parishioner, she loved dancing with an ultra worldly love.

No doubt she expected to hear some immensely important news from him. Wouldn't she be indignant and angry when she learned that he had kept her from her pleasure simply to propose to her?

The clock struck the hour, and the minister became aware with a sharp start that it was high time to keep his appointment. He arose and put on his overcoat.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

It is only because we are so used to the really dramatic things of life that we do not know and feel the dramas that each moment makes.

The ring of the doorbell was such a dramatic instant in the life of the Rev. James Philander Dubois.

Passing through an adjoining room, he opened the door and saw before him a young woman, poorly dressed in a faded gown of blue, her head topped off with a hat of uncertain texture, under which her hair hung forth in all directions. Her face was terribly wasted and sallow, and its piteous aspect was only increased by a touch of the incongruous in a suggestion of red high on the cheeks.

The reverend gentleman shrank back. He wished that he could escape what he foresaw would be a long delay, but sense of duty conquered the human instinct at once.

The young woman spoke as soon as he opened the door. "Won't you give me something to eat?" she begged. "I haven't had anything since morning."

"Poor soul!" muttered the little minister. "The housekeeper is out for the afternoon, but I shall do the best I can for you. Will you come to the kitchen while I investigate the pantry?"

As the ministerial young woman followed him into the kitchen the minister felt such deep, angry annoyance as only a man can feel when the woman he loves is waiting for him while circumstances keep him away. But the moment he realized that he, a minister, pledged to help the afflicted and the sinning, had what was almost an emotion of hatred toward this poor creature he crushed down what were wicked and shameful thoughts in him. He hastened to bring out all the food he could find and set it before her. Food taken to the door would not have come under the head of Christian charity with the Rev. Mr. Philander, though he was the head of an ultra fashionable church.

"Have you been a victim of circumstances or what is termed hard luck?" was one of the first things the minister asked after he had dished up cold victuals and a quantity of vegetables.

"Oh, it's a long story," instantaneously replied the woman, while she devoured the stuff set before her.

"Whatever may have been the past," said the little minister, "don't forget that forgiveness is yours for the asking."

He spoke in his most persuasive accents to the poor creature. His advice was wise and sound, for with all his modesty and simplicity the minister was both clever and alive to daily needs, a fact that the woman repeatedly acknowledged with a mournful eye and lugging appetite. At times she even desisted in her siege of the eatables when the little minister said something particularly simple and kind.

Finally she broke down and told all her story—an old, old story, not at all romantic, not even interesting to any except the poor creature herself. The minister listened patiently to her long, labored, tedious recital, and if sometimes he felt as if he would go wild with impatience when he thought of Marguerite he promptly forced himself in punishment to concentrate his mind and soul even more than before on the object before him that demanded so much of his pity and his help.

Here was a soul for him to succor and save, and what was his own heart's ease to that?

It was late that evening before the little minister returned home after having found a home for his distressed protegee. He should have felt a thrill of gratitude for duty done and a sense of humble satisfaction for his success in bringing back the straying one to the right road.

He blamed himself for not feeling it. But the more he tried to feel content because he had done his duty the more his soul sank in him and the heavier did his heart seem.

The Rev. Mr. Dubois, though a most devoted minister, was none the less an intensely human man, and all the satisfaction in doing a duty could not lift him from the despondency that he was in, for he felt sure that he had lost any chance, if he possessed one, with Marguerite Van Diemen.

His belief was strengthened to conviction next day when he called at her house, wondering what he could say to gain her pardon. It was characteristic of him that it never entered his head to explain to her what had kept him away. That would have seemed like cant and self praise to the little minister.

The only excuse he could offer was "parochial business." And he realized sharply that would seem a paltry excuse, though he didn't consider anything in the line of his duty as paltry.

So he sent up his card in low spirits, and he was not surprised, though he was grieved, when the maid returned and said that her mistress begged to be excused and added a request that he write to her, saying what she could do for him.

Another man might have felt offended and haughty. The little minister was too just for that. He went home quietly and wrote a very simple little letter telling Miss Marguerite Van Diemen all that was in his heart. He begged her forgiveness for not keeping the appointment and explained it by saying: "A little matter of church business came up to keep me. I could not evade it, though I assure you that it was a great sorrow to me to be kept away."

Then in his mind he wrote "Finis" to his romance and turned sturdily to his work on the unfinished sermon.

Twenty minutes after he had dispatched the note his doorbell rang again. This time the little minister did feel that there were dramas in little things. He laid down his pen and thought.

He heard the maid open the door. He heard a soft voice ask for him. Before he could rise a gown rustled, and Marguerite Van Diemen came toward the open library door.

"I have brought you the answer to your note myself," said she. She held up her hand. "Before I tell you what it is," she continued very hurriedly, with her breath coming short and fast and her eyes shining, "let me tell you something else. Do you know what I have always abhorred the most? The preaching that does not practice! And next to that I object to the practicing that precedes too much of what it does!"

The little minister looked at her with questioning bewilderment in his dark eyes.

Marguerite Van Diemen made a few steps forward and toward him.

"I saw you last evening on the street with a young woman," she went on. "I was a little angry that you should have thought of anything except our appointment. This morning I went to carry some medicine to old Mrs. Anston and found that you had taken the young woman there to nurse her. She told me what you had said to her and what you had done for her."

"Will you forgive me for seeming to neglect you?" faltered the little minister.

"Wait," said Miss Van Diemen. "I still wanted to test you. I wanted to see what you would do. So I waited till you wrote. If you had tried to explain more than you did, why, then perhaps I would not have brought you my answer."

And as she came toward the minister with her hands held out even the modest Rev. Mr. Philander did not need anything more to tell him what the answer was.

Discouraging.

Mother—Why, Ethel, you mustn't be sad on your birthday. What is it? Ethel—Well, Tommy is to eight next month, and then he'll be a year older than me again, and I've tried so hard to catch him up.—London Punch.

One For Every Day.

"I've been reading about one of them rich men wot's got er suit of clothes for every day in the week," said one tramp to another.

"That's nothin'. So 'ave I. This is it I've got on now!"—London Globe.

His Precaution.

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—There's some one knocking, Jack. Shall I open the door? The Artist—No, it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

He Wanted to Know.

Johnnie—Mother isn't blind, is she? Pa—Of course not. What put that into your head? Johnnie—Mrs. Bowser, who was here today, said mother'd never see forty again.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Crack Shot.

"My aim is truth—always truth," said a man.

"Possibly," rejoined an acquaintance, "but you were always a bad marksman!"

The Middle Horse.

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of his mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the cause of its not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow at rig the three horses held their noses close together, with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the expired air from his fellows. The farmer then procured a long "jockey" stick which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly, for, given its rightful share of good, fresh air the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work and with no greater fatigue than its fellows.

Many persons are like the middle horse—they do not get their rightful share of pure air. And this is why they are not able to perform as much work nor of as good a quality as they would otherwise be able to do.—Chicago Tribune.

A Ticklish Moment.

If to act cleverly on the spot is the measure of tact, then the man who figures in the subjoined New York Tribune story deserves both respect and admiration: A woman, driving through New England last summer, noticed suddenly that her horse limped a bit, so when she reached the next village she stopped at the door of the blacksmith shop. A man was holding up the doorpost, and to him she said:

"Will you please tell the blacksmith to come out? I want to see him."

After the manner of the village idler the man did not stir, but smiled sweetly at the woman and, lifting up his voice, called:

"Bill, come out. There's a lady wants to see you."

From the depths of the blacksmith shop a deeper voice roared:

"Is she young, John, or old?"

In the words of the old poem, "she looked at John and John looked at her." Then, still without moving, answered:

"You'll be satisfied, Bill, when you get out."

Tongue Twisters.

Among brief tongue twisters the following are hard to beat: "The sun shines on the top sixties." "She says she shall sew a sheet." "The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick." Some of Shakespeare's lines offer pitfalls to the rapid speaker. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we find, "When lions rough be wildest finds doth rage," and in the same play

Oh, Fates, come, come!
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude and quell.

—London Chronicle.

A Corsican Vendetta.

Lecturing on "The Land of the Vendetta" at the Royal Geographical society's headquarters, the Rev. T. T. Norgate said he had discovered instances of a vendetta being started in Corsica through a pig getting into another man's field, and this had caused the loss of perhaps hundreds of lives and had made two families deadly enemies for upward of four years. The man who carried on such a vendetta would seem to rob any one of a sixpenny piece.—London Globe.

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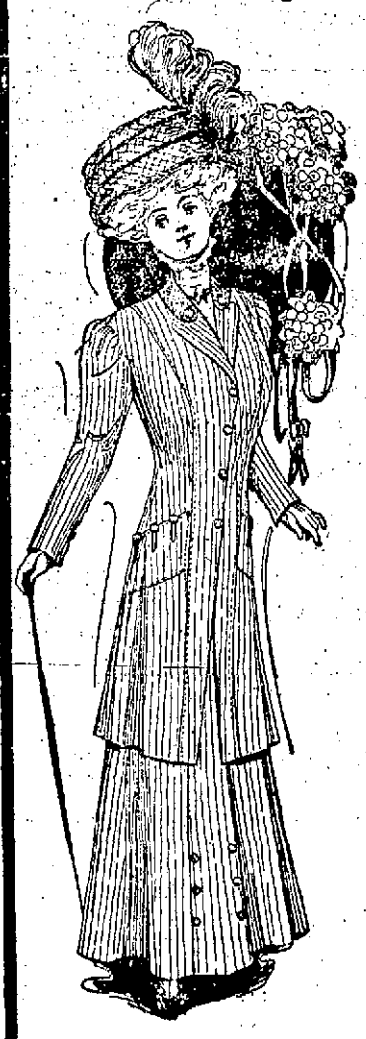

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Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

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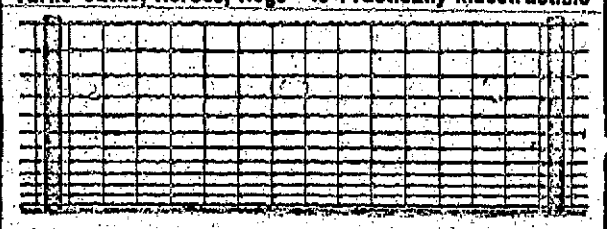

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 29, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gallup have moved back to this place from Norwich, and are now pleasantly located in their home on Green street.

—Michael A. Rizzo died at his home in Hazelhurst, Friday, April 23, aged 48 years. He was taken ill with pneumonia Thursday, and everything possible was done to relieve him, but without avail. A wife and one child survive. His remains were brought to this place Sunday afternoon and interred in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—The Whitesville Hotel in Whitesville, N. Y., was sold to L. M. Muckey of Olean. The William Abbey farm of 12 acres located between Friendship and Belvidere, N. Y., was sold to Robert Corbin of Friendship. The P. M. Ramory farm of 113 acres, two miles from Portville, N. Y., was sold through the Herrick Agency to Lee Dean of Olean, N. Y.

—J. C. Stull and family, who for the past ten months have been residents of this place, left Saturday for Portville, N. Y., where they will make their home in the future. Mr. Stull and family are good citizens, and their many friends in this place will wish them success in their new home. The Misses Alice and Aletha will remain here for two weeks longer when their school term will close.

—According to the Warren Times a number of eastern capitalists have interested themselves in the trolley line from Warren to Youngsville and also from Sugar Grove to Corry. The building of trolley lines to centres like Warren and Corry are what makes the towns boom. If Smethport had trolley service between several of our adjoining towns it would be the best thing that ever happened for this place.

—A reliable gentleman from Smethport was a caller in our office last Friday, and when he heard the catches of trout which had been made hereabouts on Thursday, he said that a few years ago when the people of Smethport wanted any trout they just walked alongside a stream while carrying an umbrella. He said the fish would then come out and take refuge under the umbrella, to keep from drowning, when they could be picked up with the hands. 'Tis well.—Mt. Jewett News.

—John J. Mundy, editor of the Potter Democrat, and Mrs. Mundy are the happy parents of a girl, which arrived on Sunday of last week. The MINER extends congratulations.

—Miss Mary Redding of Hazelhurst was brought to this city yesterday afternoon and taken to the hospital. She is suffering from the effect of a rusty nail which penetrated one of her feet, says Tuesday's Era.

—Thomas J. Lawler, ex-tannery boss and retired capitalist of Coudersport, has been held for court in that county on a charge of conspiracy. It is charged that he entered into a conspiracy to defraud the creditors of James and Elizabeth Kelly out of $5000, by means of a fake note for the amount.

—We are in receipt of the announcement of the marriage of Mr. William Ernest Myers of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Victoria Virginia Burdick, of North East, Pa., which occurred on Sunday, April 4, at Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Burdick was a former employe of the Republican office, where she was held in high esteem by her employers, and all those who were associated with her. The Republican extends its heartiest, best wishes, with the sincere hope that their journey over matrimonial seas may be joyous and happy.—Kane Republican. Miss Burdick learned her trade in the MINER office and she has many friends here who wish her happiness.

—A dispatch from Olean dated April 26 has the following to say about a well known paleface printer of that city: Charles H. Rafferty, a prominent member of the Order of Red Men of this city, was adopted into the Seneca nation of Indians yesterday with solemn ceremonies, at the Long house on the Cattaraugus-Allegany reservation. Amos Killbuck, the oldest Indian on the reservation, and President Jimerson of the Seneca nation, acted as interpreters. Indians with their squaws from all parts of the reservation joined in the dance celebrating the adoption. His Indian name is Fire Blazing Everywhere.

You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequal for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

THE CANNON BURST.

Tragedy In a Celebration to Honor President Tyler.

In 1844 an accident took place in the northern bay of Washington, on board the frigate Princeton, by the bursting of a gun, whereby several persons lost their lives, among whom were the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and the father of a young lady to whom President Tyler was paying his addresses. The following account of the affair is from the pen of Mr. Benjamin Brown French, who was present:

Those killed were Abel Upshur of Virginia, secretary of state; Thomas W. Gilmer, governor of Virginia, designated to succeed Upshur as secretary of the navy; Representative Gilmer of New Jersey; Representative Maxcy of Maryland, and Virgil Gardiner, an ex-member of congress from New York.

The severely wounded were William Wilkins of Pennsylvania, secretary of war; Miss Wickliffe, daughter of the postmaster general; Colonel Under-wood; Colonel Benton, Judge Phelps of Vermont, Commodore Stockton, commander of the Princeton, and several seamen.

On Feb. 28, 1844, President Tyler, the members of his cabinet and their families and many other prominent persons, said to number over 400, were invited by Commodore Stockton to spend the day on the frigate Princeton, which was lying at anchor off Alexandria. After the guests were on board anchor was weighed for a short sail on the Potomac, and the ship proceeded down the river to a point below Fort Washington. On the trip down the heaviest piece of ordnance on the frigate was fired several times, presumably as a matter of entertainment for the company. The gun had been constructed from a model made by Commodore Stockton, and President Tyler expressed a decided interest in the weapon. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon on the return trip the Princeton anchored off Broad bay, and the company was invited to luncheon in the cabins below the gun deck. After luncheon Commodore Stockton proposed that the gun be fired once more as a salute, he said, to the memory of the great peacemaker, George Washington. President Tyler, his cabinet and a number of gentlemen repaired to the gun deck.

As the gun was fired the breech coil from the trunnion's back was blown off, and this section was split in twain. One-half of it fell on Secretary Upshur. Two sailors removed it, but the secretary expired in a few moments. Governor Gilmer had been struck and killed by this section of the gun before it felled Mr. Upshur. The party on the gun deck was scattered, and the whole ship shook under the force of the explosion.

The excitement was great. The bodies were removed from the Princeton, taken to Washington, placed in hearses at the wharf and carried to the White House, where they lay in the east room till the day of the funeral—a day of general public mourning.—Exchange.

Just Before the Spanking.

"Pop, does a chicken come from an egg?"

"Yes, my son."

"And does an egg come from a chicken?"

"Yes."

"Well, if a chicken comes from an egg, and an egg comes from a chicken, which"—

"Now, see here, if you are going to prolong this line of thought you can go right to bed."

"But, pop!"

"Well, what?"

"How does a chicken come from an egg?"

"Oh, any hen can sit on an egg and hatch it."

"Gee! I'm glad I ain't a hen. It must hurt to sit on a hatchet!" (Hasty exit)—New York Times.

The Old Ones.

"We'll have to give up the idea of puttin' pictures in the parlor, Jane," remarked old John Turnipseed as he threw the bridle under the table.

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Too dear! Why, I priced one in town today, and the dealer sez, sez he, 'That's an old master; it's price is $500.'

"'Why,' sez I, 'it looks like a second-hand picture.'

"'Yes, it is,' sez he.

"Then, thinks I, if a secondhand picter costs that much it's no use to price a new un. So, Jane, I reckon we'll have to hang up a few mottoes, 'God Bless Our Home' and the like, and let the picture's go."—Pearson's Weekly.

City of Snow White Domes.

The little city of El-Oued, with its population of 8,000 people, at the extreme south of the province of Constantine, in Algeria, is unique even for a Mohammedan city, because of the great number of its snow white domes or cupolas. So extraordinary is the great number of these cupolas that many writers have referred to El-Oued as "the city of a thousand cupolas." The homes of the residents of El-Oued are constructed of white plaster and were it not for the whiteness of the domes would be taken at a cursory glance to be a city of coke ovens.—Popular Mechanics.

As Good as His Word.

He—I always make it a point to profit by the mistakes of others.

She—I got weary of George Brixton because he never seemed to know when to go home.

He then bade her good night.—Cleveland Leader.

One Masculine Trait.

Gwilliams—Mrs. Blugo always strikes me as being such a masculine woman.

Mrs. Gwilliams—She is. She can't stand the least bit of pain without making a big fuss over it.—Chicago Tribune.

Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.—Bacon.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

FOILED THEIR PLOT.

The Way Mme. Alboni Frustrated a Scheme to Hiss Her.

"Once upon a time, when Mme. Alboni sang at Trieste," writes Henry C. Lahee in "Famous Singers of Today," "she was informed of the existence of a plot to hiss her off the stage. Having ascertained the names of her detractors and where they were to be found, she donned male attire, to which her short hair and robust figure helped to complete her disguise, and went to the cafe at which the conspirators met. Here she found them in full consultation, and, taking a seat at a table, she listened to their conversation for a time. After awhile she addressed the leader, saying: 'I hear that you intend to play a trick upon some one. I am very fond of a little practical joke myself and should be glad if you would allow me to join you on this occasion.'

"'With pleasure,' was the reply. 'We intend to hiss an opera singer off the stage this evening.'

"'Indeed! And of what is she guilty?'

"'Oh, nothing, except that, being an Italian, she has sung in Munich and Vienna to German audiences, and we think she ought to receive some castigation for her unpatriotic conduct.'

"'I agree with you, and now please tell me what I am to do.'

"'Take this whistle,' said the leader, 'At a signal to be given at the conclusion of the air sung by Rosina the noise will begin, and you will have to join in.'

"'I shall be very glad to do so,' said the singer and put the whistle in her pocket.

"In the evening the house was packed—every seat was occupied—and the audience warmly applauded the opening numbers of the opera. In due course Mme. Alboni appeared, and at the point at which she was about to address her tutor a few of the conspirators began to make a disturbance, not waiting for the signal.

"Without showing any concern Mme. Alboni walked down to the footlights, and, holding up the whistle, which was hung to her neck by a ribbon, she exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, are you not a little before your time? I thought we were not to commence whistling until I had sung the air.'

"For a moment a deathly stillness prevailed; then suddenly the house broke into thunders of applause, which was led by the conspirators themselves."

A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

The Coin That Was Measured by a Famous Surgeon.

Dr. Grenfell, an old London hospital pupil, in a sketch of Sir Frederick Treves in the Pall Mall Gazette tells the story of a tiny sovereign gold piece given by a grateful patient to the famous surgeon and guarded by him as a priceless treasure. A sailor from Norway had been operated on by Sir Frederick in hospital. His life had been saved, and he had gone his way. Late one evening a timid knock brought Sir Frederick himself at that unusual hour to his door in Wimpole street. A tall, gaunt sailor in threadbare attire asked if this was where "Mr. Treves lives." At his earnest request, though somewhat under protest, he was allowed to enter. He at once proceeded to get out a jackknife, and from the lining of the belt of his trousers he cut out a small gold piece and offered it to Sir Frederick. On his refusal to accept it the man was so hurt that Sir Frederick listened to his story, and an interesting one it was.

The man had on leaving hospital sought a berth at the London docks, but, being a stranger, had been unable to get one. He had got out of money and had gone hungry day after day, though he knew that he had sewed up in his waistband by his wife in Norway the piece of gold in question. He had got so pulled down by bad living that he at last decided he must spend the money, but that very day he succeeded in getting a berth on a ship, and his advance had given the food he stood so sorely in need of. He had promptly tramped all the way to Wimpole street, and his bearing was such that Sir Frederick found himself "bowing into the darkness, holding the gold piece in his hand and with an overwhelming sense of inferiority strongly impressed on his mind."

A Modest Art Student.

An art student in Berlin wrote to a brewing concern in Bohemia offering to paint for the brewers "pictures suitable for advertising purposes—artistic, appropriate, attractive and cheap." He went on to say: "Sir John Millais was not above taking 40,000 marks from a soapmaker for one of his paintings to be used as an advertisement. Nor did he hesitate to offer other pictures for the same purpose at the same price. Why should not I, who owe my tailor and who fears to look my landlady in the face, not do the same? Stay! I shall do better. Am willing to take less than 40,000 marks for my best work."

Slow and Sure.

"How is my son getting along?" asked a parent of the headmaster of a school.

"He's slow and sure," was the response.

"That's satisfactory."

"Not so," rejoined the master. "By it I mean that he is slow to learn and sure to forget."—London Telegraph.

The Practical One.

"All writers are not impractical, are they?"

"Oh, no! One man will write a joke and sell it for 50 cents. Another will write a comic opera around it and draw $20,000 in royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Prophetic Dream Fulfilled.

It was stated at an inquest on a Dean Forest (England) collier, who had become entangled in the machinery, that on the previous night he woke up his wife and told her he had dreamed that while working with the machine an accident occurred and he had fallen into it.

BOA CONSTRICTORS.

The Young Shift For Themselves as Soon as Hatched.

The real home of the boa constrictors is in the tropical countries. Mrs. Boa seeks a sandy place. When she has found it she coils herself into a great and almost flat corkscrew. Then by just two or three turns of her body she digs a shallow hole in the sand. This is her nest. In this hole she lays about twenty-four eggs. The eggs are about as large as those bantam chickens lay and are a dark cream color. They are oblong and more the shape of a pecan than of a hen's egg. The shell is not hard, like a hen's egg, but yields to the pressure of your finger, something like rubber.

Having laid her eggs in the nest of sand, the mother boa winds herself into a perfectly flat coil, like a round mat. This done, she gently pushes waves of sand upon the eggs until they are covered from four to six inches deep. Then she settles herself upon the top and stays there for nineteen days. At the end of this time a lot of little snakes may be seen pushing their way out from the nest and away into the world to get their own living. They don't show a bit of affection for their mother or for each other, but glide away, probably never to be together again. Is it any wonder, when they act so, just after being hatched out, that boa constrictors never like anybody and never have anything to do with people if they can avoid it?

Each little snake measures from twelve to fourteen inches in length and is about as big around as a lead pencil. It is said that they eat nothing at all during the first six months of their lives or until they are old enough to catch and crush to death small animals and swallow them whole. The boa constrictor never bites—it has no poison fangs—but always kills by coiling about its victim and crushing it to death. Fully-grown, the boa constrictor is thirty to forty feet long and as big around as the large part of a man's leg.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

The Grip With Which This Habit Holds Its Victims.

Every slave of the weed will know better than I do how much truth exists in a story told me a few evenings ago by a well known committing magistrate in New York.

We were seated at a club table discussing various kinds of dissipations, especially the fascination that liquor and gambling are said to have for men who cannot resist the impulse to gratify one or the other of these passions. The judge spoke:

"In my opinion the most overmastering craving known to our race is that for chewing tobacco. Opium in some forms may be as bad, but I am sure it isn't worse. A few weeks ago an incorrigible was brought before me, and after hearing the evidence I sentenced him to the island for three months. He appeared to take it very sensibly until a police officer as a teaser whispered into the man's ear, as I afterward learned, that he would not be allowed any tobacco while in the penitentiary. The poor chap turned pale, rose in his seat and held up his hand as a sign that he desired to ask me a question. I motioned to him to speak up.

"'I say, good Mr. Judge, will you do me a great favor?'

"'Certainly, if it be within my power,' I replied.

"'I hear my tobacco will be cut off. Cannot you make my term six months or even a year if I am allowed to have chewing tobacco?'"

The judge had to explain that he couldn't do anything of that sort. He relieved the prisoner's mind on the tobacco question by telling him that if he was a habitual chewer the prison physician would order a small quantity of the weed for him daily.

"Never did I see a greater change in a human face," concluded his honor.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 29, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, June 15, 1909.

JAMES H. SPROUL.

East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

Two men have been arrested in Boston for demanding by letter $10,000 from Mr. Whitla of Sharon, Pa., and threatening to steal or kill his son, Willie, who was so recently kidnapped by the Boyle's. Whitla turned the letter over to the federal authorities and when the would-be blackmailers went to the postoffice for an answer they were arrested.

According to the holding of the circuit court of Ohio, a newspaper must have paid in advance or bona fide subscription lists in practically every town of the county and of sufficient number to warrant "general circulation." Advertisements published in papers as legal notices, not having such circulations are not legal and a case which depends on service by publication, administrator's and executor's notices, commissioner's notices, delinquent tax notices, are not legal unless published in newspapers with such general circulation. This is a good item for dispensers of county printing and other legal advertisers to paste in their hats.

If there is any one thing more than another that needs correcting and improving in this section it is the mail service in and out of Smethport, Newort and Colegrove and probably several other places along the Pennsylvania Railroad in this vicinity. In order for mail to reach the two above named towns from Smethport it must leave here at 1:30 p. m., go to Larabee and get to its destination about noon the following day. And we understand the conditions are nearly as bad for Farmers Valley and Coryville. The mails are so arranged that nothing reaches here from Buffalo and that section after 1 p. m. and it is now impossible to get an evening paper from any place but Bradford. Smethport and surrounding towns are entitled to much better train and mail service than it is getting and the people should make a determined effort to get them. It does not seem possible that the United States postoffice department can practically cut Smethport and neighboring towns off their official map just because the Pennsylvania Railroad has seen fit to do so. The P., S. & N. and K. & S. run evening trains into Smethpont and we see no reason why they should not be given contracts to carry mail. Such an arrangement would help a great deal. It has been claimed by many for years that the Pennsylvania Railroad controlled this great Commonwealth but let us hope that this big corporation has not branched out by taking the United States postoffice department under its wing.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The members of President Taft's cabinet have received an order from him directing that when Congress asks for specific information relating to the conduct of their departments they shall furnish such information direct, unless in their opinion the public interest demand that it be witheld. Formerly it has been the custom when Congress requested information for the head of the department to which the request was addressed, to collect the information and submit it to the President who in turn submitted it to Congress. This system was much complained of in the Senate on the ground that it implied a limitation of power of Congress and placed in the hands of the Executive the power to withold any information he might see fit. President Taft's order requires the department heads to transmit information direct, unless for some especial reason it is deemed important first to submit the information to him.

The Secretary of Agriculture is much besieged these days on the subject of wheat and he makes no secret of the fact that he expected a decline in the price of wheat, but he hesitates to express the opinion that the Patten wheat "corner" is now broken and that the country can look for a return to the normal conditions affecting this product. To his visitors this week he said that he did not know whether this decline in the price of wheat is permanent or not. "The cry that there is a scarcity of wheat is absolutely false," he declares, "and those who believe it are simply being imposed upon by the gang of ringsters in Chicago. A situation such as the one Patten has engineered always results in hardship to the farmer. It has been the inevitable consequence that when prices rise as high as they are to-day the farmers immediately plant an additional amount of wheat for the next year, and when the next year comes they find that the market is glutted and the prices practically cut in half. I have preached against this for a long time, but I anticipate that next year will see a repetition of the same practice."

An interesting debate in the Senate on the tariff bill this week brought forth the fact that two Republicans have been added to the "insurgents" who demanded downward revision and whose criticism of the Finance Committee's bill was more poluted than anything said up to date by Democratic Senators. Senators Nelson and Dolliver did not spare words in attacking the bill and they let it be known that, in their opinion, it did not meet the pledges of the Republican party, that it makes no substantial reduction in duties, and would afford little, if any, relief to the great mass of consumers. The statements of the Iowa and Minnesota Senators were not permitted to go unchallenged by Senator Aldrich, and in rather pointed language he told Mr. Dolliver that his speech had a familiar Democratic twang wholly unlike the tariff record of Iowa's greatest statesman, the late Senator Allison, who did not change his views on the protective policy on account of political exigencies in Iowa.

A feature of the debate was Mr. Aldrich's statement that the Republican party had made no promise to revise the tariff downward; and he asserted with emphasis that, taken as a whole, the bill fulfilled the pledge of the Republican party for honest revision, and answered the demands of the American people.

Secretary Meyer, of the Navy, returned to his desk on Thursday, and spent much time consulting with the officers of the department over the "Panther conspiracy," the double report of the Sperry board, etc., subjects which are greatly agitating naval circles at present moment. The Secretary declines to say anything for publication, however, except that he hoped the judge advocate general would be able "to discover legal authority for court martialing those enterprising newspaper men who had made public the contents of the Panther pamphlet," and had given so much publicity generally to the navy controversy. He admitted that he had serious misgivings as to whether his authority extended far enough, but declared that if it did by would certainly order the Washington correspondents before court martials.

The Census Appropriation bill in all probability will be so amended as to provide $75,000 for the traveling expenses of the President of the United States. For years this item has been carried in the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. President Taft has planned a trip through the West the coming summer, the extent of which will depend upon the action of Congress concerning this item for his traveling expenses. It is expected that the bill will be called upon Monday in the House for consideration.

A Card of Thanks.

The Travellers' Club desires publicly to thank all the friends who assisted so generously and efficiently in the recent benefit play "The McKean County Fair."

To the general committee and to each and every member our thanks are due for their loyalty and faithfulness. To the committee who arranged the cast of characters especial thanks for arduous duties faithfully completed are hereby tendered.

To Mrs. Maude Morrison, whose encouragement and extra drilling of the Fluffy Ruffles chorus was not unnoted, we express our gratitude as well as to all the members of that chorus and every other chorus, whose work under exasperating difficulties resulted so pleasingly in the end. To Mrs McQuiston, Mrs. Hungiville, Mrs. V. B. Bonton, Miss Brasted, Felix Southwick and Allen Morrison we return thanks for the use of their musical voices, and to little Amelia DeGolia, Lillian Michaels and Joseph Amster also.

It is with utmost sincerity and admiration that we extend our thanks to each and every character enacted in the play, for each was well taken and each was the cause of plenty of hard work, committing to memory, rehearsing and costuming.

To all ticket sellers and to all ticket buyers we make our best bow most thankfully. To the management and employes of the Lyceum we express our thanks for many courtesies extended. Finally, our very grateful appreciation is tendered to the mothers of the little ones for making possible their delightful appearance, and to all others who assisted us in any way.

The net proceeds were sixty-five dollars.

By order of the President,
MRS. T. A. MORRISON.
ETTA HOGARTH, Press Com.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 24, 1909:

A. G. Phillips, Jack Long, Miss Jennie O'Brien.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

A new train on the K. & S. leaves Smethport, Pa., Washington St., 4:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. train No. 51 arriving at Olean 5:52 p. m., Buffalo 7:45 p. m. Leave Buffalo 7:30 a. m., Olean 10:05 a. m., arriving at Smethport, Washington St. 11:25 a. m. C. H. GLEASON, G. P. A.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and not gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

3 new milchs cows. C. H. GLEASON

Mrs. Kerr Dies Suddenly.

(Continued from first page.)

the great Artist who has keyed them to such high passions, that in fact they are joined with Him in the love and joy of the beautiful? Is it not an evidence of the true dignity and worth of man that he is able to love and to have delight in that which God loves and delights in? It is the most fatal heresy to believe for an instant that man is incapable of having joy in the things which God has joy in.

"We are to speak of one whose life has made us all feel that the great Artist has been here in our community. He has written in this life a poem for us to read and through which we are to be inspired and cheered. From earliest girlhood she was a thoughtful sincere follower of Christ. In a very real way she made all of her friends feel that there was a large measure of strength and beauty in her life and that it was of a character that had its origin not in herself but of God. Though often a great sufferer she did not lose either her natural sweetness of disposition nor her Christian gentleness and patience. There was a sanity, a genuineness, a naturalness which gave to her life a quiet repose as though

"God walk'd the waters of her soul
And still'd them."

There was here a strength that expressed itself in a great gentleness of heart. It was not the strength that stands out rugged and abrupt like the rocks against which the tides of the ocean beat, but that strength which clothes itself in softer lines like the grasses off the shores of South America which receive and pass on without injury to themselves the huge seas that roll across a thousand leagues to grind the rocks and shores into dust. There is strength that others like to attack and beat down but here was a strength whose very gentleness prevented attack. One of the most adequate tests of the worth of any life is its power for friendship.

God has written this law into our being that those who are worthy of love shall receive it. If we meet the conditions God loves to dwell with us and if we meet the conditions friends will come swiftly as God does. If we have no friendships with men we shall have none with God for He does not love disagreeable people any better than men do. In this life there was this power of friendship in a marked degree. It was rich in its friendship and it always enriched those who came within its influence. It was one of God's poems written for us to read and and to enjoy. Let us be thankful that we have had it and as the Spirit of God comforts us in our sorrow, let us profit by its teachings of love and purity and truth that at the end we may come to be with her who has taught us some lessons about the ways of God.

"With rymth and rymth sings the live poem on
And thrills with its measure and movement divine;
It sings to life itself, but the whole world finds
New force and new fire from its very line."

Once More to the Front.

An event of more than usual importance begins Saturday morning, May 1st. Bell Bros. of Olean, N. Y., inaugurate a gigantic sale of muslin underwear, beginning Saturday morning, May 1st, promptly at 9 o'clock which will continue for ten days, at prices no other house will meet. In the lot are 14 styles gowns and two styles skirts, all full sizes extra long, extra wide, extra fine quality and exquisitely made, worth up to $2.00 will be sold choice 99 cents each. Ladies' perfect fitting trimmed corset covers, 5c, 10c and 19c. 1000 pairs umbrella, five tucked, ladies' drawers, full size, 25c.

Beautifully trimmed drawers at 49c and 59c.

Prettily trimmed corset covers, 25c, 49c, 69c, 79c and 99c.

Prettily trimmed skirts, $1.49 and $1.98.

Infants' long cambric slips, 19c. Children's tucked drawers, 2 to 12 years, 9c per pair.

In the lot are two extra size gowns for stout ladies, 44 to 50 inches, bust measure, that will be sold at 79c and $1.00.

Parties desiring higher cost garments than are mentioned in this big sale will find exquisitely trimmed garments as high in price as $10.00 and $15.00.

Orders will be received by mail and garments shipped promptly.

This purchase represents an investment of about $5,000.

Bell Bros., the leading dry goods, furniture and carpet house in Southwestern N. Y.

Fine Dairy Farm Near Smethport With Stock, Tools and Hay.

We offer for sale a farm of 166 acres, located 2 miles from Smethport, Pa., and 1½ miles from East Smethport, with stock, tools and hay. 136 acres cleared, 30 acres in hardwood timber. Land is smooth, watered by six springs, wire and board fences, one of the best dairy farms in county. 12-room house with new roof and in good repair, fine cellar, barn 62x52 with basement with cement floor, one barn 30x55, milk house 14x26, hog pen and tool house. Large silo. Fine water at house and barn. 2½ miles to creamery, 1½ miles to graded school. Oil and gas right goes with farm. Cash gas rental of $166 a year, which will be greatly increased as soon as gas wells are drilled. With the farm we offer 10 cows, 1 yearling, 4 calves, 75 tons hay, 15 tons straws, sugar evaporator with 800 buckets, steam thresher, and complete outfit of farm tools and machinery. List on application. Smethport is county seat of McKean county, has three railroads, paved streets, splendid schools, two banks, fine churches, two newspapers, and is a good market place. Everything for $7,254. Terms one-half cash, easy payments on balance. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

The Oxford Sack

Copyright 1908 by Michaels-Stern & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

designs are invariably graceful and distinctive, giving the wearer a combination of breeding and fashion that cannot be otherwise than a social or business asset.

The model suggested and here with illustrated is one of the season's new suits, with a 3-button, snug-fitting coat. We will guarantee you a smile of pleasure the moment you try it on.

We have every size in this most desirable model.

H. W. RUBIN
SMETHPORT, PA.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

If you want

City Trimmed Millinery

Give me a call.

MAY CHADWICK,
Odesser Building,
EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral Marches to the grave."

Our surgical appliances, rubber goods, and all druggist sundries have been known to save lives innumerable. A new and complete line at

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12 1-2c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 10,684.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589 87
Cash	22,031.31
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.10

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.10

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Smethport's New School

Have you visited the new Smethport Branch of the Bradford Business College? Expert instruction. Terms very reasonable. Call and see us.

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

Evening sessions Monday and Wednesday from 8 to 10 p. m., and daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

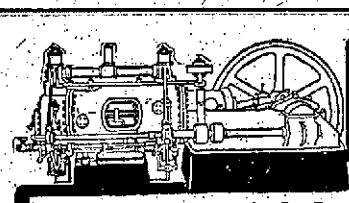
McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you.

ANDORFER & LYLE'S



GAS ENGINE OILS
—WAVERLY

GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. Light in color—flows easily. WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dust and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

SMETHPORT, PA.

IN PRESENTING to our patrons the Spring Styles in our Suit and Coat department we feel that we are prepared to meet your wants with assortments and varieties to suit every individual taste.

With each succeeding season we have increased the volume of our business in ready-to-wear garments and this allows us to cater more largely to our patrons.

Selections have been made from manufacturers who can be depended upon to produce right styles at right prices.

We are convinced that all the materials, linings and trimmings on our garments will give proper wear, and we cheerfully add our guarantee to that of the manufacturer, that this can be depended upon in all our lines.

We ask you to inspect the Spring Garments now here and note the beautiful new cloths and the proper shades.

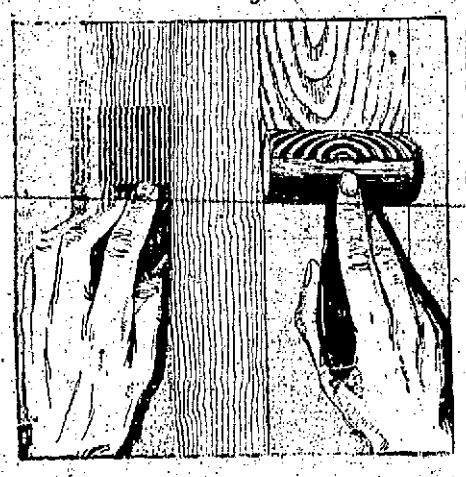
SUITS AT

$17.50, 19.00, 22.00, 25.00, 27.50, 30.00, 35.00

Spring styles of Patrician Oxfords now ready for you

Daly & Garlick's.

A Hardwood Floor of any Color You may Choose for $2.50



There which are in two poor condition to be improved with ordinary care can be made to imitate a genuine hardwood floor with this new patented Graining System.

This process does not require the services of a professional wood finisher.

The Graining Tool takes the place of skill and can be successfully used by the inexperienced man or woman, thus making it possible for any one at a very slight expense to enjoy the luxury of a new hardwood floor.

This Graining Compound, when protected by one or two coats of Clir Xanel produces a surface that will out-wear any varnished

DALY & GARLICK,

Hamilton Block

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 29, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the Epworth League entertainment Monday evening May 3.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Abbey, a son, Tuesday evening, April 20.

—This is probably the 29th day that was left out of February in the year 1900.

—Everybody fully realizes now that Smethport needs more high pressure hose.

—We understand that Anderson & Carlson will rebuild on their lot in the near future.

—See the two parlor plays at the Epworth League entertainment Monday evening May 3.

—Eight inches of snow this morning reminds one that "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring."

—Dr. Pierce wishes to sincerely thank the many friends who so kindly offered sympathy and financial aid since the loss of office and equipments in the late fire.

—Regular services at the Baptist church Sunday, May 2, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Subject for morning "Transfiguration" evening, "A Race."

—A handsome monument has been placed in the Farmers Valley cemetery on the lot of Mr. John Morrison to the memory of his wife. The work was furnished by Foley Bros. Co. of Olean N. Y.

—It is being persistently rumored that a trolley line between this place and Bradford will be a reality in a short time. This has been rumored so many times in the past few years that we hope this one will be a "go."

—The High School Contest between Mt. Jewett and Smethport at the Lyceum Friday evening will be interesting. The winners of this event will contest for the cup at the County Institute next fall. Everybody interested in the schools should attend if possible.

—Attend the High School Contest between Mt. Jewett and Smethport at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—The abutting property owners on West Main street are extending their lawns to the curb where the pavement is completed, which makes that street one of the most beautiful in the section.

—The last issue of the Eldred Eagle contained an excellent picture of the Pah Kahs, one the strongest basket ball teams in Pennsylvania. Their record of the past season was one of almost unbroken victories.

—Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained a large party of friends at their home on West Main street last Thursday evening at Bridge whist. About sixty people were present and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

—We notice that our friend, Harry Nelson of Coudersport, is a candidate for district attorney of Potter county on the Republican ticket. Mr. Nelson is an able young man and if he is chosen the Commonwealth will be ably represented.

—The branch sewer is being laid along Main street between Hill and Pine streets in order to make it possible for those building houses on the vacant lots on the north side of the street to put in sewers without disturbing the pavement after it is laid. This is a wise act on the part of the council.

—In the case of the libel suit brought against the Eagle Publishing company, of Butler, by Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, tried before Judge Prather, of the Crawford county courts, the jury was instructed by the court to find for the plaintiff. The jury rendered its verdict finding damages of $5000 for Mr. Emery.

—John B. Oviatt gave a large sugar party at his sugar bush at the head of Potato creek last Friday afternoon which was attended by many of his friends from Smethport and along the creek. Mr. Oviatt has one of the largest and best equipped sugar bushes in the county and he served his friends with all the sugar they could eat. It was simply great and all who attended will look forward to another occasion of this kind.

—A large delegation of Smethport Lodge and Encampment, I. O. O. F., headed by our I. O. O. F. band attended the anniversary re union of the organization at Kane on Monday. This meeting was one of the biggest successes in the history of the Elk-McKean Association and all who attended were highly pleased with the day's entertainment.

—Two plays entitled "The Ministers First At Home" and "The Trouble At Satterlee's" will be given by the Epworth League of the M. E. Church in the M. E. chapel Monday evening, May 3, at 8 o'clock. In addition to the two farces the program will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental numbers. An evening of good entertainment is promised. To present admission is and 25 cents.

—The hearing in the Eldred Bank case before Thomas B. Wilson of Bradford, as master, to take testimony has been postponed to *May 11 at 10 a.m.* The postponement was occasioned by the non-appearance of J. D. Dowling of Mendville, the man who controlled the defunct bank's affairs. Mr. Downing, it is expected, will be present at the next hearing and will be examined as to certain important facts.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Clara R. Snyder of Coleville and Mr. George B. Arrine of Duke Center were united in marriage at the parsonage of St Elizabeth's church yesterday (April 28, 1909,) by Rev. J. F. Dugan. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Snyder, and the groomsman was Mr. Fred Snyder. The happy young couple left in the afternoon for New York and other points for a honeymoon trip of three weeks. Both are popular young people and have the best wishes of many friends.

—Roy Day a well-known young man in this place, who had just moved his family to Ormsby was painfully burned about the face and hands in a fire which destroyed his home and all its contents on Monday morning. The fire started from a leak in a gas pipe which with a terrific explosion set the whole house on fire at once. Nothing could be saved from the building and Mr. Day received his burns while attempting to rescue his infant child whom he thought was asleep at the time on a bed on the second floor. His loss is about $800 and he had no insurance. This is a hard blow to the young man and he and his family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Pacy Hill Electrocuted.

An Auburn, N. Y., dispatch says: Pacy Hill, who killed his sweetheart, Chloe Hancock in Olean in March, 1908, paid the penalty in the electric chair at 6:12 this morning. Two shocks were necessary. He met death calmly and died saying the 23rd Psalm. Since his arrival here Hill had never seen a relative and nobody came to say farewell. His chief consolation were letters written to him by the mother of the girl he killed, who told him she and her family believed him demented when he committed the deed.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

Personal Mention.

Miss Reed left for her home at Bradford Saturday.

Miss Hattie Brewer of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town.

Chas. Catlin of Port Allegany was in town Wednesday on business.

H. F. Perry of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Fermon Rickard of Cuba, N. Y., visited friends in Farmers Valley over Sunday.

Miss Blanche Wentz of Mina is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman left for their home in Syracuse, N. Y., Monday.

Mrs. Alex Cunningham and two children are visiting friends and relatives in Kane.

Miss Frances Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was in town a few days this week.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres, N. Y., was in Wednesday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colegrove returned home on Saturday from a two weeks' visit at Mina.

Albert Powell, a former resident of this place, is renewing acquaintances in town this week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin were the guests of Bradford friends the forepart of the week.

Mrs. Luther Johnson of Kane has returned to her home after a short visit with Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

Misses Alice and Aletha Stull were the guests of relatives and friends in Farmers Valley over Sunday.

Lloyd Armstrong has returned from Cleveland where he was studying the mechanism of the White steam car.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett were the guests of relatives in this place the latter part of last week.

Mrs. E. W. Heyner has returned to her home in Mt. Jewett after a week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Percy E. Brown.

Mrs. Hobart H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., arrived in town Monday and is the guest of her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Miss Ella Snowden and Elmer Skinner of Cyclone, Pa., spent Sunday with Miss Ella Cole of Farmers Valley. The latter returned home with them.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless departed Tuesday for Boston, Mass. John Digel accompanied him and will be the driver of his car for the coming season.

Miss Loretta Schultz, who has been visiting Miss Ora Campbell, left Monday for Kane, where she will spend a few days with friends before returning to her home in Erie.

F. J. Shattuck left for his home in Linesville, Pa., Friday. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Harry L. Backus, who will visit relatives in that place for about two weeks.

E. T. Daly's Birthday Surprise.

On Saturday evening, a number of friends of E. T. Daly, the well known liveryman and bear hunter, gave him a most agreeable surprise. It was the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Daly's birth and his friends, realizing that such a momentous occasion should not go unnoticed called at the Daly residence without the formality of an invitation. On behalf of the visitors, Rev. J. F. Dugan made a speech complimenting Mr. Daly on reaching the fiftieth milestone in such excellent condition and laying particular stress on the remarkably youthful and vigorous appearance of the gentleman. In conclusion Father Dugan on behalf of those present presented Mr. Daly with a handsome upholstered rocker, which had been chosen with the view of affording a tired man that sweet rest that comes after a peculiarly trying day of arduous toil. Mr. Daly was so surprised that his usual self assurance vanished and it was some time before he could regain his balance and offer fitting thanks for the gift and well wishes of his friends. Those present were, Rev. J. F. Dugan, B. F. Wright, Hon. J. A. McKean, Charles McKean, H. C. Wells, W. C. Daly, Dr. John Clark, John P. Devlin and Mesdames James McGuire, W. C. Daly, F. H. Hungiville and Charles McKean.

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The Other Girl.

By R. A. BEALL.

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To all their friends there seemed to be something essentially incongruous in the idea of their marriage. Friends, of course, as is well known, have the right to decide those things.

Grace Ormiston was a New England girl of an old Boston family, who knew her Emerson by heart. It was even reported that she knew what Robert Browning meant when he wrote:

Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.

Jim Garrison had been born and reared on a big Kentucky plantation, and he had obtained his education in that school which not only believes but vows that a gentleman's education is complete when he has been taught "to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth."

Yet their marriage had turned out a happy one, for with all Jim's ignorance of books he was a gentleman, every inch of the stalwart length of him. He did feel a bit oppressed, though, at times when his clever and learned wife let him "slide out of the conversation," as he expressed it, and showed by her manner that she knew it was over *his* head and that she excused him in sympathetic kindness.

The truth was that Jim would have been quite a bit the better for it if he had possessed more of a share of that of which most men have too much—conceit.

Poor Jim didn't have a bit, and he used to rub his handsome head ruefully and with very genuine sorrow at the harassing thought that he was not good enough for his brilliant beauty of a wife and that she must feel some degree of shame for him when she was surrounded by the wise and learned people who called on them continually.

When they had been married a little more than a year a telegram came for Jim while he was absent in Kentucky looking over some of his land. Mrs. Garrison hesitated before she opened the yellow envelope, for she was not a woman who believed in letting her curiosity get the better of her, although she had her full share of that delightful instinct of her breeding.

However, she finally decided that she should open the telegram to see if it was important enough to forward to Jim. Surely every one will forgive that. Women ought to be curious. It's part of their charm. Think of what the world would be without woman's delicious curiosity!

The message was short. But few as the words were they were sufficient to cause something very much like her little world tumbling disastrously down around the pretty ears of Mrs. Garrison. The telegram was dated from a village on Long Island and said:

The Girl is dying. Come at once.

It was signed Jack Farrington. Grace recognized this name as that of one of her husband's friends of whom she had often heard him speak, but whom she had never met.

Grace was not a naturally jealous woman—that is, nothing more than to say that she was not any more jealous than is any good, true, warm souled woman. She tried to remain unsuspicious; but, try as she would, she could find but one interpretation for the message.

Her faith in Jim was too absolute to believe that "the girl" referred to could be her rival since their marriage. She never gave place in her mind for one moment to any idea that her Jim was capable of the shameful, disgusting treachery such a surmise would presuppose.

But she could not help but see that this girl had some old claim on Jim and the thought of such a claim on the man whom she loved so passionately was sufficient to drive her nearly frantic.

She perceived that the sender of the telegram had taken it for granted that Jim would not hesitate to "come at once." And then she recollected with a keen sense that gave her new pain now that Jim always had spoken shyly and hesitatingly about Farrington and had evaded all her attempts to induce him to invite this friend of his early days to their home.

Her feeling was one of total desolation. She moaned at the thought there could be anywhere in the world a woman with such a claim upon her Jim that he must go to her deathbed. Mrs. Garrison realized now and all at once how deeply and helplessly she loved her handsome husband and how empty all her world of knowledge and art would seem to her if that love were destroyed.

At last, however, she began to think of the unknown girl who lay dying. With a mighty effort she put aside her own grief and telegraphed to her husband:

Mr. Jim Garrison, Phenix Hotel, Lexington, Ky.

Come home immediately. A matter of life and death. GRACE.

She could not bear to telegraph to him that "the girl" was dying. To refer to her in such a way was repugnant to every instinct, and she was in total ignorance of the girl's name.

Before noon she received the expected reply. It read:

Leave at noon. Arrive tomorrow noon.

Grace Garrison, having forced herself to sacrifice her own emotions and her own wounded love and wounded pride, was not the woman to shrink from making the sacrifice complete and deep, however her feet might bleed on the weary way.

She telegraphed to Farrington that Jim would reach home at noon of the next day and would come down to Long Island immediately and meantime determined to expedite his trip in every manner. Whoever this woman was to Jim, Grace resolved that Jim must reach her bedside before death closed her eyes if she could make it possible.

The railroad time tables showed her that connections could not be made until very late in the evening, and she decided that he must be hurried down in her automobile.

It was a swift machine that had been bought especially for her use by her mother. Jim had steadfastly refused to learn to drive it. But Grace decided that it would not do to have the chauffeur drive Jim on such an errand, for fear of gossip among the servants. She came to the brave decision that she would drive the machine herself.

It was a very worried and excited man who ran to her at the gate of the railroad station. "Tell me what it means, Grace!" cried he.

Grace Garrison had faced the sacrifice, but she was a woman. Her face grew stern and cold. She replied that a crowded station was hardly the place for such confidences and waited silently till he was in the automobile. Then, when they were whizzing on their way to Long Island, she looked fixedly at Jim and without a word handed to him the telegram from Farrington.

Jim read it silently. His face denoted some distress, but it denoted more bewilderment.

"I'm awfully sorry The Girl is dying," he said. "It sort of breaks me up. But if she had to die I wish that I had been left in peace till I had finished business in Kentucky. I was just closing a very profitable little transaction."

Grace looked at him in shocked amazement. Jim stared at her and opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it. Grace turned her face away to hide her tears, which she could not repress, try as she would. She did not trust herself to speak except once or twice to ask the direction from Jim. The last time she fancied that she heard him chuckle, but dismissed the idea as a morbid fancy.

Farrington met them with a cordial handshake and a strange cheerfulness, which was explained when he said hurriedly to Jim that The Girl was much better. Then he asked coldly if they would not like to see her.

Jim replied in the affirmative without a moment's hesitation, but Grace held back. Then Jim chuckled. It was an unmistakable out and out chuckle.

Bewildered, wondering, Grace followed the two men as Farrington led the way to the stables.

A rather feeble looking mare whinnied when she saw Jim and made a weak effort to get upon her feet.

On the way back Jim said with a happy smile: "You'll have to read up on one subject, anyway, darling. Anybody who knows anything at all about racing knows The Girl. She's the winner of the Shenandoah sweepstakes, the Cumberland futurity and the Gold cup, and she belongs to the racing firm of yours truly, Garrison & Farrington. I'm glad she is better; but, sweetheart, even if she had died I would have considered her well paid for by the knowledge I've won through your misunderstanding about that telegram. Am I very stupid, darling, if I think that you love me, even though I don't know much of literature and art?"

And Grace Garrison gave him a reply that convinced him that he was not stupid.

Preparing Robin Beefsteak.

On a certain occasion I saw a sturdy specimen of the robin tribe on the lawn searching for provisions for his family of clamorous gormands. At length, by tugging and perseverance, he succeeded in extracting a lusty angleworm from the tough sward and was making the effort to fly to his nest with the prey. But Mr. Worm rebelled. More than that, he writhed and squirmed with the greatest energy, and the bird that had come to market so bravely was in danger of finding his provisions so unruly that he could not reach home with them. But he was not to be defeated so easily. Stepping to the board walk near by, he deliberately began to pound Mr. Worm down upon the hard surface with an emphasis that bade fair to finish all protests and writhing. And so it did. A dozen pecks, and not only was the little fellow's beefsteak ready for transportation, but it was ready pounded for the broiler—or in this case consumption without the aid of broiling.—Young People.

He Did It.

A teacher had just finished explaining the use of the ditto marks when she noticed one of her young searchers for knowledge searching for it in a story book. So she made him stay after school and told him to write the sentence "Always pay attention" 100 times.

In a very short time he gave a glad shout, "I've did it!"

"What kind of language is that?" she remarked severely. "And you surely haven't had time to do it."

"Well, I'm done it, then. Anyhow, here it is." He held up his paper. The sentence was written once at the top and the remaining surface was covered with dots.

"But you haven't done it!" she exclaimed.

He gazed at her scornfully.

"Course I have. There's ditto marks. Made 'em ninety-nine times. They're good things."

What else was there to do but to let him go at once? And she did.

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FAMOUS LONDON TREE

The Cause of Several Hard Fought Legal Battles.

ITS SITE WORTH MILLIONS.

But the Lawyers Never Have Been Able to Break Through the Phalanx of Legal Enactments That Preserve the Old Landmark in Cheapside.

There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If five dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five dollar bills fluttered in place of every one of the leaves it would not buy the terra firma it occupies, for the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth $4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on the spot for more than 200 years, while its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords. But so far the lawyers never have been able to break through the phalanx of legal enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words "ancient lights." This tree in Cheapside literally is surrounded by a number of "ancient lights" proprietors, whose consent never has been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason the storekeeper who rents the tiny two story structure on the corner just in front of the tree never has been able to put his building up beyond its present height.

Some years ago one builder, who thought himself more acute than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to "arrange" with the owners of the "ancient lights" afterward. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom, and it is said he never has been able to pay the thousands of dollars of law costs which his little experiment resulted in.

A few years ago some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. It was done really to save the life of the tree and with the consent of the parish clerk and churchwardens of St. Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster lane, near by, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to work on the tree, however, it created a big sensation in Cheapside. "They are chopping down our tree," went up from a thousand angry throats in the district. Policemen were called, and doubtless there would have been another shower of writs, injunctions and proceedings had not the minister of the parish explained the real reason for the lopping operations.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and woe betide the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shanty within the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth:

At the corner of Wood street when daylight appears
There's a thrush that sings aloud; it has sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree, and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop near by. As far back as the year 1302—just a hundred years before Mr. Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard and is spoken of by Chaucer:

That whosoever ploynes it away,
He shall have Chrystis curse for aye.

The tree is therefore a direct descendant of perhaps the oldest tree on record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular portion of Cheapside is back of the general postoffice and is one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the "ancient lights" statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain "unimproved" for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real estate agents who control nearly all the land in the district declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never be built upon." There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if any one were to attempt to put up a modern building there, for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim "ancient lights," and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to "square" so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of the building.—New York Press.

The Fraction.

"The average family in America comprises 4.6 persons." "I guess I'm the .6 of this family," murmured Paw Hoptoad, a trifle acridly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Miss Tiverton's Tea Basket.

By ALICIA SPRAGUE.

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Miss Tiverton always poured tea at precisely 5 o'clock in the afternoon for a select circle of feminine friends.

They drank tea at that early hour so that those who were married might get home in time to prepare 6 o'clock dinners for their husbands and that those who were single might be safely housed before the early darkness of the winter evenings.

Miss Tiverton sometimes wished that they might stay later, for it was always a long, lonely stretch between their going and bedtime.

Sometimes Lavinia Greer stayed with her, and on those occasions Lavinia's brother, Richard would call at 9. And these were the social oases in Miss Tiverton's desert of dreary evenings.

She always made more tea for Richard and brought out her little sponge cakes. Richard liked the little cakes, and he liked Miss Tiverton's dainty ways, her delicate pink and white prettiness and her pale rose colored house gowns.

Lavinia thought Miss Tiverton very foolish to wear muslin all winter. "Think of the washing!" she said as she and Richard walked home one evening. "And Letitia Tiverton is as poor as Job's turkey."

"She surrounds herself," said Richard musingly, "with an atmosphere of beauty."

Lavinia sniffed. She hated to have her brother say nice things about Letitia Tiverton. Lavinia had kept her brother's house for many years, and it had always been her great duty to oversee all affairs in the land.

Therefore it was many weeks after that ominous remark of Richard's before she again spent an evening with Letitia. She took her work over in the mornings or went to the little tea drinkings, but she did not allow her brother to darken the doors of the little gray cottage.

One day Richard spoke of it mildly. "We haven't been to Miss Tiverton's for a long time," he said—"not, I think, for four weeks tomorrow."

Lavinia gave him a sharp glance. "How did you happen to remember the date?" she asked acidly.

Richard looked at her quizzically over his glasses. "I noted the date in my diary," he said. "I always write down the events of the day, Lavinia." He did not tell her that he had added after the formal statement, "Brought Lavinia home from Miss T.'s," the further comment, "Miss T. looked like a rose in her pink gown."

A week later he urged Lavinia to call. "She will think something is the matter," he said.

Lavinia shrugged her shoulders. "I have been there in the daytime," she said. "I don't see what more she can expect."

Richard thought for a moment. "She has told us that her evenings are lonely," he reminded his sister.

"Humph!" said Lavinia. "I don't know that we are called on to put ourselves out to go there these freezing cold nights."

Richard returned to his book, but after a reasonably judicious interval he looked up to say, "I saw a very pretty tea basket in a shop this morning, Lavinia, padded inside to keep the tea warm"—

"Who wants a thing like that?" Lavinia questioned scornfully. "I always make coffee, Richard."

Richard said nothing more. He loved tea, but Lavinia preferred coffee, and there you were. Yet the next morning he sauntered to the flaming Japanese bazaar, where were displayed native wares to tempt the tourists who were making the old fashioned southern village a halfway stopping place on their way to the tropics.

The tea basket was a quaint affair of oriental weaving with a gay pink satin lining and a green and pink cord and tassel about the handle. The pink made Richard think of Miss Tiverton. With a defiant look he went in and bought the basket and ordered it sent to her.

His heart failed him, however, when the dark skinned salesman asked him for a card to put with the gift.

"Just send it without," he said hastily. Visions of Miss Lavinia's wrath should she know of his purchase came to him oppressively.

The mysterious basket was to little Letitia Tiverton a source of infinite delightful speculation. She displayed it to her afternoon circle, the rose colored lining, the pink cord and tassel, the fine basketry.

"And I can't imagine who sent me such a beautiful thing," she ended radiantly when all had seen it.

At the first glance Lavinia Greer's eyes had hardened. Of all those women she only suspected where that basket had come from. Richard had sent it. This looked seriously like the beginning of a romance that would be most inconvenient to Miss Lavinia.

On the way home she thought over a plan. It was simple. At dinner she told Richard, "Letitia Tiverton was too silly about a basket that some one sent to her."

Richard started, and his face flushed. He realized that Lavinia had put two and two together and had guessed that it was he who had sent the tea basket to Miss Tiverton.

"I wish you had seen her," Lavinia pursued. "I wish you had heard her giggle and boast that you sent it."

Richard turned questioning eyes upon her. "But she did not know that I had sent it," he said. "There was no card, Lavinia."

Lavinia went on hurriedly. "Well, then, she guessed, for she thought of it, Richard—it—it—it was disgusting." Miss Lavinia's face was a dull red. She did not like what she was doing now that she was doing it. But she was desperate.

"I can't imagine"—Richard's tone was inclusive—"I can't imagine, Lavinia, a woman of Miss Tiverton's delicacy doing a thing like that."

Lavinia tossed her head. "You don't know much about women, Richard," she retorted.

Richard walked abroad that night consumed by angry doubts. Surely Lavinia would not lie. Surely Miss Tiverton would not brag. His gold headed cane tapped the pavement irresolutely. Then suddenly he strode down the street, irresolute no longer.

Miss Letitia, alone and a little wistful in her small gray cottage, heard the tap of the cane as she had heard it every night when Richard went forth for his evening walk.

Behind her curtains she had watched him regularly and had admired the straightness of him, the briskness of his walk, the brown waves of hair which in defiance of modern fashion he wore so long that it almost touched his coat collar.

It had never dawned on Miss Tiverton that such a great being as Lavinia's brother could look upon her and find her lovely. In her humility she had not dreamed that the basket was an offering from such a source.

She had thought the women of her circle might have clubbed together to bestow on her this gift of friendship and her effusiveness at the afternoon gathering had been due to her gratitude.

The tap of the gold headed cane sounded right in front of her gate, stopped and began again on the stone walk that led to the front door.

Then the bell rang. Miss Tiverton answered it. Richard stepped over her threshold—for the first time without his sister Lavinia.

"I came," he said when he was seated, "to ask a question, a delicate question. Miss Tiverton, Who sent you your tea basket?"

Miss Letitia's clear eyes met his frankly. "Oh, did Lavinia tell you that one was sent me?" she asked. "It's such a beauty!" And she brought it to him, displaying the rose lining and the tassels.

Richard drew a long breath of relief. The doubts that Lavinia had planted fled. There was nothing of deceit in that childlike soul, in that flowerlike face.

"Miss Letitia," he said, with his hand on the basket, "haven't you guessed who sent it?"

Her puzzled glance met his. "No," she murmured.

"I—I sent it," he confessed; "but because it reminded me of you—the rose color and the pink—like your pretty gown, your pretty self, a rose of a woman."

Miss Letitia stood half poised for flight. "Oh!" she said breathlessly, and her eyes were like stars. "Oh, Mr. Greer!"

Richard grew bolder. "I sent it because I love you, Letitia. There is no happiness that could exceed that of winning you for my wife."

It came upon little Letitia almost too suddenly, that vision of happiness, and she swayed toward him, looking just then more like a lily than a rose, and the tea basket dropped from her nerveless hand.

Richard caught it deftly as he drew her to him. "You will pour tea for me, won't you," he demanded, trying to bring the color back to her cheeks, "for the rest of my days, Letitia? Lavinia gives me coffee—but, then, oh, hang Lavinia! Will you marry me, sweetheart?"

And Miss Letitia after a startled "Oh, Richard!" buried her face against his coat and said, "Yes."

Don't Be Cheap.

Do not hold yourself too cheap. If you do not think well of yourself others are not likely to think much of you. You are usually taken at your own value. By this is not meant a foolish self conceit, but a proper self respect.

Have a regard for the esteem of those whose opinion is worth having. No one can be admired by all. He who has no enemies may doubt whether he has real friends. Try to win the regard of the good and the wise. If the foolish take offense, pass it by.

Think too well of yourself to stoop to anything coarse, mean or untrue. However humble your station in life may be, you may think yourself worthy only of that which is good and true. To be genuine puts you on a high level. Whatever your purse, you may be rich in character. Think yourself worthy of the best to which you can attain. Aim for the highest you see, and should you fail to reach it you will still be higher than if your aim had been low.—Milwaukee Journal.

Unfeeling.

A soft air shook the honeysuckle vine, and puffs of delicate perfume floated gently to where erotic Blenkinsop sat spooning with his girl. Not a leaf stirred. Only the stars and moon above and the green earth below. All around was the atmosphere of lee-ove.

His tone was reverend and hushed. It was as if this slim and beautiful maiden were in his eyes a goddess.

"Darling," he exclaimed, pausing in his ecstatic osculations, "each time I kiss you it makes a better man of me!"

They fell to again.

A voice from above broke harshly on the night:

"What are you by now, then—saint or archangel?"

A burst of ribald laughter, the rattle of a closing window and then once more the holy calm of undisturbed night.—London Scraps.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 188, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. ENY, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant. H. F. WRIGHT, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. R. FOSTER, R. K. W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA AUBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLCHROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EBENSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MONCRIEFFE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

ED. STONE, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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HE WAS A CHEEKY YOUNGSTER.

The Stingaree in Sunflower Bay

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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It was the Sandfly, Capt. Toombs, cheer hailed them as they swept under the stern and drew up at the starboard gangway, and Facey was soon reporting himself on the bridge.

"Well, how did you make out?" asked the captain.

"We landed at the trader's house," began Facey, "followed a path that led inland, and reached some Kanaka huts. Not a soul in 'em; clean gone, every man jack. Followed along a well beaten path which led us into the next bay, bearing north-northeast half-east, keeping the liveliest lookout all the time. Three miles along we ran into another village, chock-a-block with niggers. It looked a nasty go; lots of guns and spears, and everybody pretty skittish, kind of they would and they wouldn't. I recollected your orders and went slow; you know what I mean, sir—worked off the presents, and smoked my pipe leisurely. By and by they came round, tricky as the devil, on to make friends or to eat us alive; whichever seemed the more promising. I let out what I wanted, and bit by bit found out that all the Sunflower bay crowd were there, even to old Jibberik, the chief—him Toomba said was the biggest scoundrel of the lot. He looked pretty sick and knew mighty well what we were after. I talked broadsides to that old man, and put it to him that he had better give up the chaps who had killed the trader than waltz back to the ship and be shot instanter himself—for somebody had to go, I said; and just as soon as I got the old codger alongside of me I gave him to understand that he was my bird, and kept my cocked pistol pointed at his belly. After no end of a fuss, and lots of frothing and loud talk, with things looking precious ugly now and again, we ended by coming out on top. Then they dragged along a young nigger named Billy, a returned labor-boy from the Queensland plantations, they said, and handed him over to me as the murderer."

"You've done well, Mr. Facey," said Casement, as his lieutenant drew to a close, "and I tell you the story shan't lose when I report it to the admiral. You had better go now and get your clothes off," he added.

Facey jumped to his feet. "I am sure I am awfully obliged to you, sir," he said.

"Ugh, that's all right," said Casement, in his testy way. "What have you done with the prisoner?"

"Turned him over to the sergeant for safekeeping, sir," returned the officer.

"Leg-irons?" asked Casement.

"Leg-irons, handcuffs and a dog-chain," returned Facey, with a grin. "He's cost too much to take any chances of his getting off."

The first thing next morning, old Jibberik was brought aboard with his two companions. He was a disgusting old gorilla of a man, with a hairy chest and a bold, leering eye—a mere scarecrow of humanity, of a type incredibly cruel and debased.

Four bells was the time set for the court martial; at nine o'clock Casement sent for Facey and told him he must prepare to defend the prisoner.

"Burder will prosecute for the queen," he said: "Pickthorn will act as clerk, Sennett, Roche and I will compose the court."

The first lieutenant was overcome. "I don't think I can, sir," he said feebly. "I never did such a thing in my life; I wouldn't know where to begin, or to leave off, for that matter."

"You can leave off when we hang your prisoner," Casement returned, with his bull-doggish air. "Of course, it's all a damned farce," he went on. "Somebody's got to act for the nigger; it's printed that way in the book."

"Billy," said Facey, "they are going to make judge and jury for you by and by; and I am to talky-talky for you."

"All same Queensland," returned Billy. "May the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

Facey was stupefied. "Where in thunder did you learn that?" he demanded.

"Oh, me savvy too much," said Billy.

"Now, see here," said the lieutenant. "You didn't kill that trader?"

"Yes, I kill him," said Billy cheerfully.

"You did?" cried the other.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," said the prisoner.

"If you tell that to the captain he'll shoot you," said Facey. If the prisoner was to be defended he was going to give him all the help he could.

The black boy looked distressed and nodded a forlorn assent.

"You'll be a big fool to say that," said Facey.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," repeated Billy.

"You unmitigated idiot, you'll do for yourself," cried the lieutenant, angrily. "What's the good of my talking for you if you can't stand up for yourself?"

At ten o'clock the court martial was assembled on the quarter-deck. The captain, with his brawny shoulders thrown forward, and his hands deep in his trouser pockets, had all the air of a man in the throes of indigestion. On either side of him were Sennett and Roche; and in front, beside a table covered with a flag, was Pickthorn, with a clerkly outfit and a Bible. Billy stood in chains beside a couple of marines, looking extremely depressed. The old gorillas, their filthy kilts bulging with what they had begged or pilfered, were in charge of the sergeant, who had all he could do to prevent their spitting on the deck.

Facey was the first one sworn. He deposed as to the capture and identity of the prisoner. Then Billy was led up to the table and told to plead.

"Kiss the book and say whether you murdered the trader or not," said the captain.

"White fellow no good; I ..."

Facey interrupted the prisoner.

"Pleads guilty," said Casement to the clerk.

"What did you do it for?" demanded the court.

Billy reiterated his stock phrase.

"Take him away," said the captain.

Jibberik was the next witness. He kissed the book as though it were his long-lost brother, and looked almost unabashed enough to beg it of Pickthorn. I shall not weary the reader with his labored English, that lingua Franca of the isles which in the western Pacific is known as Beach de Mar. He told a pretty plain story. Billy and the trader had always been on bad terms. One night, crazy with palm-toddy, Billy had sneaked down to Capt. Tom's house and shot him through the body as he was reading a book at supper. As to the subsequent burning and looting of the station the old savage was none so clear, sheltering himself in the unintelligibility of which he was a master.

Then rose Burder for the queen. He was a cheeky youngster, with pink cheeks, a glib tongue, and no end of assurance.

"I don't propose to waste the time of the honorable court," he began: "but if ever there was a flat-footed, self-confessed murderer, I would say it is the dusky gentleman in the dock. The blood of Biggar cries aloud for vengeance, and it would be a shame if it cried in vain," he said.

"I stick to the prisoner," cried the court.

"I bow to correction, sir," went on Burder. "I say again, this is no time for half-measures; and I say that Sunflower bay will be a better place to live in without Mr. Billy. I leave it to the honorable court, with every confidence, to vindicate justice in these islands by condemning the prisoner to the extreme penalty of the law. The case for the queen is closed, gentlemen."

"I believe you appear for the defense, Mr. Facey?" said Casement, as the queen's prosecutor took his seat.

"I do, sir," returned the first lieutenant, nervously.

"I should like to say, first of all," he began, "that I will not cross-examine these dirty old savages who have given evidence against my client. I quite agree with everything my honorable friend has said regarding them, and I cannot think that the court will attach undue importance to any evidence they may have given. We've been told that the Kanakas are losing all respect for whites, and that if we don't take some strong measures there will be the deuce to pay in these islands. Perhaps there will be; but is that the British justice we're so proud of, or is it fair play, gentlemen, to the unfortunate wretch who is trembling before you? From what I've seen of the whites in this group, I can say emphatically that I'm in a line with the Kanakas. Now, as to this Billy: What is there against him but his own confession? and that, I beg leave to point out, ought not to be taken as conclusive. As like as not he is the scapegoat for the whole bay, and has been coached up to tell this story under the screw. Just look one moment at old Jib there, and see how his friends wither when his eyes fall their way. For all we know to the contrary, his gibberish and click-click may be to the tune of 'Billy, you son of a gun, I'll cut you into 40 pieces, or flay you alive if you don't stick to what I've told you.' After all, what have we learned from Billy? Nothing more than this: 'White fellow no good; I kill him.' Is that what anybody would call a full confession? Does it give any clew or any details as to the motive or the carrying out of this murder? It may be, indeed, that Billy is a monomaniac with a confirmed delusion that he has killed Biggar; the court may smile, but I think I am right in stating that such things have occurred and have even led to miscarriages of justice in the past. I tell you, gentlemen, I believe it was the whole blooming bay that killed Biggar, and that Billy was just as guilty or just as innocent as the rest. And there is one thing I feel mortal sure about: That if we take the prisoner outside the heads we will soon get the gag off his mouth, and learn a good deal more about this ugly business. Under old Jib's searchlight he's got to keep a close lip; but take him out to sea, and I answer for it he won't be so reticent."

A dead silence fell upon the court when Facey drew his case to a close and resumed his seat. Nothing could be heard but the scratching of Pickthorn's pen and the reverberating growl of the blow-hole as it fretted and fumed within for the screaming blast which was soon to follow. Casement rammed his hands deeper into his pockets, gnawed his tawny mustache, and protruded his chin. At last, with a start, he awoke from his reverie, and barked out:

"Mr. Sennett, as the youngest member, it is for you to speak first."

"I think he's guilty, sir," said Sennett.

Casement turned his quick glance on Roche.

"Same here," said the doctor.

"The finding of the court," said the captain, after another pause, "is that the prisoner Billy is guilty of the murder of T. H.—what's his name?—Biggar, at Sunflower bay, on the blank day of September, 1888, and is condemned to be shot as an example to the island. Sentence to be deferred until I get the ship back from New Ireland, where I've to look into that Carbutt business and the outrage at MacCarthy's Inlet, on the chance of the prisoner making a further confession and implicating others in his crime. The court is dismissed."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Pickthorn, looking up from his writing as the others rose to their feet, "what am I to call the case—the Queen versus Billy, what?"

"Billy nothing," said the captain, savagely. "Call him William Pickthorn if you think it sounds better."

The verdict of the court was explained to Jibberik, and the old rogue and his pair of friends were landed in the cove, the boat returning to find the ship with anchor weighed and the loosened sails flapping on the yards. In a few minutes she was steaming out to sea, and every one grew confident that Billy's tongue would soon wag as he saw Sunflower bay dwindle behind him. But the dogged savage stuck to his tale; he had but one reply to all inquiries, to all probing and pumping for further particulars of the murder. On his side the conversation began and ended with: "White fellow no good; I kill him." On other topics he could be drawn out at will, and proved himself a most tractable, sweet-tempered, and far from unintelligent fellow. The men got to like him immensely, keeping him in perpetual tobacco and providing him with more grog than was quite good for him. In the fo'castle it was rank heresy to call him a murderer or to express any doubts regarding his innocence. He became at once the pet and the mystery of the ship, and his canvas cell the rallying-point for all the little gayeties on board. He played cards well, was an apt pupil on the accordion, and at checkers he was the master of the ship. "And he not only beat you, but he beat you handsomely, shaking hands before and after the event, like a prize-fighter in the ring.

Billy's artless ways and boundless good humor had won the whole wardroom to his side; and his grim determination to die, at once

I Gave Him to Understand He Was My Bird.

bewildered and exasperated every soul on board. The strange spectacle offered of a hundred men at work to persuade their prisoner to recall his damning confession, and on pins and needles to save him from a fate he himself seemed not to fear.

"White fellow no good; I kill him."

Then old Quinn got after him—wild-eyed, tangle-haired old Quinn, the gunner, who was half cracked on religion. He prayed and blubbered beside the wretched boy, overwhelming him with red-hot appeals and perfervid oratory. Billy became an instant convert, and got to love old Quinn as a dog his master.

"White fellow no good; I kill him."

As the days passed, and the ship made her way from bay to bay, from island to island, in the course of her policing cruise among those lawless whites and more than savage blacks, the captain grew desperate with the problem of Billy. They all said that Casement looked ten years older, and that something would soon happen to the "old man" if Billy did not soon skip out; and the "old man" showed all the desire in the world to bring about so desirable a consummation.

Then the captain determined upon new measures. He passed a hint to Facey, and Facey passed it to the mess, and the mess to the blue-jackets, that they were making things too comfortable for their prisoner. For a while Billy's easy life came to an abrupt conclusion. His best friends began to kick and cuff him without mercy. He was roped-ended by the bo'sun's mate, and the cook threw boiling water over his naked skin. The boy's heart almost broke at this, and he went about dejected and unhappy for the first time since he had come aboard. But no harsh usage, no foul words, could drive him to desert. It was on the bridge, to Facey, when the ship had just dropped anchor in Port McGuire, not 40 miles from Sunflower bay.

"Mr. Facey," he said, "send Mr. Burder ashore with an armed party; tell him just to show himself a bit and come off again."

"Yes, sir," said Facey.

"I am thinking they might take that fellow Billy to translate for them," he went on, shamefacedly.

The first lieutenant turned to go.

"Hold on," said the captain, suddenly lowering his voice and drawing his subordinate close to him. "Just you pass it on to Burder that I wouldn't skin him alive—you know what I mean—if—well, suppose that black fellow cut his lucky altogether—"

Facey smiled.

"Of course," rasped out the captain, "I can't tolerate any dereliction of duty; but if the young devil made a break for it—"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the first lieutenant, and darted down the brass steps three at a time. He called Burder aside and gave his instructions to that discreet youngster, who was sharp to see the point without the need for awkward explanations.

A couple of hours later Burder embarked again and headed for the ship in a tearing hurry. A chuckle ran along the decks as not a sign of Billy could be made out, and the nearing boat soon put the last doubt at rest. There was no black boy among the blue-jackets.

Burder skipped up the steps and saluted the captain on the bridge.

"I have to report the escape of Billy, sir," he said, with inimitable gravity and assurance. "I scarcely know how it came to happen, sir, but he managed to bolt as he was walking between Miller and Cracroft."

"This is a very serious matter," said the captain, with ill-generated cheerfulness. "I don't know but what it is my duty to reprimand you very severely for your carelessness. However, if he's gone, he's gone, I suppose. I hope you took measures to recapture him?"

"Yes, sir, returned Burder. "Looked for him high and low, sir."

"Poor Billy!" said the captain, with a smile that spoke volumes. "We'll say no more about it, Mr. Burder; it may be all for the best; but remember, sir, it mustn't happen again."

"No, sir," said Burder.

"How did you manage it, old man?" was the eager question that met the youngster as he took shelter in the wardroom and ordered "a beer." All his messmates were round him, save Facey, who was officer of the deck and could not do more than hang in the doorway.

"I tell you it wasn't easy," said the boy. "We promenaded all round the place, and I tried like fun to shake him off. I sent him errands and hid behind trees, and talked of how we were going to shoot him to-morrow—but it was all no blooming good! I was at my wits' end at last, and had almost made up my mind to tie him to a tree and run for it, when I got a bright idea. I pretended I had dropped my canteen under a banyan a mile behind the town, a kind of cemetery banyan, full of dead men's bones—a rummy place, I can tell you. And when we got down near the boat, I took the nigger on one side and bade him go and fetch it. 'And don't you come back without it, Billy,' said I. 'I'll be dismissed from the service if I can't account for that canteen!' Then he asked how long I was going to stay, and I said a week; and he went off like a lamb, while we squared away for the ship. Didn't you see the fo'sers pull!"

It had been the merest pretense that had taken the warship into Port McGuire, and now that her merciful errand had been so successfully accomplished, and Billy reluctantly torn at last from those who had to kill him, Capt. Casement lost no time in ordering the ship to sea. But as the winch tugged at the anchor, and the great hull crept up inch by inch to the tautened chain, a sudden yell roused the captain on the bridge and struck him as cruelly as one of those poisoned arrows he feared so much.

"Billy, on the starboard bow!"

Sure enough, a black poll protruded above the rippling bosom of the bay, and two frantic arms were seen driving a familiar dark countenance on a course towards the vessel. It was Billy indeed, his honest face marked with anguish and despair as he fought his way to regain his prison.

Casement groaned. And for this he had been holding the cruiser two long weeks in those Godforsaken islands, and had invented one excuse upon another to delay his return to Sunflower bay! Billy had been given a hundred chances to escape, and now, like a bad penny, here he was again, ready to precipitate the catastrophe which could no longer be postponed.

A great laugh went up when Billy presented himself on deck, exhausted, dripping like a spaniel, and sorely hurt in spirit. He began at once to blurt out the story of the canteen, and made a bee-line for Burder; but that intrepid youngster could afford to listen to no explanations, and in self-defense had to order Billy into the hands of the marines, who led him away protesting.

Casement's patience was now quite at an end. He headed the ship for Sunflower bay, and spared no coal to bring her there in short order. Three hours after they had passed out of the heads of Port McGuire the Stingaree was at anchor off the blow-hole.

Facey was drinking a whisky-and-soda, and preparing himself, as best he could, for the ordeal he knew to be before him, when the captain's servant entered the wardroom and requested his presence in the cabin.

"Mr. Facey," said the captain, "take the doctor and the pay and 40 men well armed from the ship, and when you've assembled the village take that Billy and shoot him."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, turning very pale.

"Faugh," rasped Casement; "it makes me sick. Damn the boy, why couldn't he cut? Well, be off with you, and kill him as decently as you know how."

Billy did not at first realize how seriously he was involved in the plans

"Me No Sorry, White Fellow No Good, I Kill Him."

of the shore party that was making ready. He dropped into one of the boats light-heartedly enough, and took his place cheerfully between two marines with loaded rifles. But the mournful hush of all about him, the eyes that turned and would not meet his own, the tenderness and sorrow which was expressed in every movement, in every furtive look, of his whilom comrades, all stirred and shook him with consternation. No one laughed at his little antics. He tickled the man next him, and nudged him, his friend Tommy, who could whistle like a blackbird and do amazing tricks with cards; but instead of an answering grin, Tommy's eyes filled with tears and he stared straight in front of him. Billy was whimpering before they were half ashore, and some understanding of the fate in store for him began to struggle through his clear head.

There was no need to assemble the village. It was there to meet them, old Jibberik and all; silent, funereal, and expectant. The men were marched up to the charred remains of the trader's house and formed up on three sides of a square, leaving the fourth open to the sea. To this space Billy was led by Facey and old Quinn, the gunner. The negro looked about him like a frightened child and clung to the old man.

"Will you give the prisoner a minute to make his peace with God?" asked old Quinn.

Facey nodded.

Quinn plunged down on his knees, Billy beside him. For a brief space the gunner pattered prayers thick and fast, like a man with no time to lose.

"Billy," he said at last, "as you stand on the brink of that river we all must cross, as the few seconds run out that you have still to live and breathe and make your final and everlasting peace with the God you have so grievously offended, let me implore you to show some sorrow, some contrition,—for the awful act that has brought you to this! Billy, tell God you are sorry you killed Biggar."

For a moment Billy made no answer. At last, in a husky voice, he said:

"You mean, Cap'n Tom, who live here before?"

"Him you hurled into eternity with all his sins hot on him. Yes, Capt. Tom, the trader."

"No!" cried Billy, with a strangled cry. "Me no sorry. White fellow no good; I kill him."

"Quinn," cried Facey, "your time's up." The first lieutenant's face was livid, and his hands trembled as he bound Billy's eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Stand right there, Billy," said the officer, turning the prisoner round to face the firing party, that was already drawn up.

"Good-by, Missy Facey and gennelmen all," whimpered the boy.

"Good-by, Billy," returned the other. "Now, men," he added, as he ran his eye along the faltering faces, "no damned squeamishness; if you want to help the nigger, you'll shoot straight. For God's sake don't mangle him.

"Fire!"

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How We Are Whirling Around and Through Space.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUN.

Without Its Attraction That Draws the World Toward It in an Elliptical Course Our Globe Would Wander on Forever in a Straight Line.

There are those who think much of moving from one point to another of the earth—travel they call it—and yet pay little heed to the wonderful journey of the earth itself. Many again, go to seek a climate while the hurrying earth is bringing to them one climate after another in endless succession. Those who have not hitherto taken much notice of the earth's progress—who have not, so to speak, looked out of their carriage window as they are whirled along—might find a new interest in doing so. Look, for example, at the apparent size of the sun. Casual observation shows that it appears larger in the winter heavens. And exact measurements tell us that it is largest on Jan. 1 and smallest on July 2. The size of the sun thus marks the earth's nearest approach and greatest distance from the sun. Accurate astronomical measurement of the sun's diameter might even determine the day of the year, for the daily variation in the apparent size of the sun is some nine-fiftieths of a second of angular measurement. And astronomers profess to measure the second decimal of seconds.

There are three ways in which we are journeying with the earth. There is, first, the daily revolution, which carries us through a complete circle in twenty-four hours at a rate varying from rather more than a thousand miles an hour at the equator to nothing at the poles, where no one, by the way, has ever been. Then we are traveling around the sun once a year at the rate of eighteen miles a second. Thirdly, we are journeying through stellar space, for one of the most remarkable facts which modern astronomy has brought to light is that our solar system, the sun with all its planets, is on a journey toward the constellation Lyra at the rate of ten miles a second.

As we sit in a train and are whirled along it sometimes appears as if the scenery were flying past us rather than we past it. So the daily revolution of the earth—a thousand miles an hour at the equator—makes the sun rise and set, and our yearly journey makes the sun apparently travel through the constellations of the zodiac. If we move round any stationary object on the earth we see it with a constantly changing background—now a windmill, now a cottage, now a wood, now a church, etc. So as we travel round the sun we see it with an ever changing background of stars—now those of Aries, now of Taurus, now of Gemini, and so on. The position of the sun among the stars marks the stages of the earth's annual journey. And as the earth arrives at different points of its orbit the times of the risings of certain stars vary. These indications of the earth's progress have been taken as marks of the seasons. Thus when Sirius rose with the sun it was known that the dog days had begun. Early astronomers watched carefully for the rising of the dog star. The Egyptian astronomers looked for the heliacal rising of Sothis to proclaim the new year.

It is the earth's yearly journey round the sun which enables us to determine the distances of the stars. The method is precisely that adopted by surveyors for determining the position of objects on earth. The direction of the object whose distance is to be found is observed from two points a known distance apart. The rest is mere calculation. In the case of the stars the directions are observed from two extreme points in the earth's orbit instead of from the two ends of a base line. The process is called triangulation when applied to earth measurements, and everybody understands what it means. When applied to the stars it is called parallax and remains a mystery to most people. Such, is the obscuring power of a word.

The "little more" and the "little less" of Browning are forcibly illustrated in the direction of the earth's journey round the sun. An elliptic course differing very little from a circle, combined with a tilt of the axis, gives us the seasons. But if this difference and tilt did not exist there would be no seasons and one climate would rule the year. If, again, the course were more elliptic, then for the hemisphere whose winter occurred at the earth's greatest distance from the sun there might be a glacial period.

"The straight line," says Miss Helen Keller, "symbolizes duty. It is a dull thought drawn out endlessly." And this seems to be a reflection on what we had thought was the earth's path of duty round the sun, for this path is the curve known as the ellipse. Moreover, the thought makes the sun a tempter of the earth from the strict path of duty, for the earth, we learn from our Newton, if left to itself would wander on forever through space in a straight line. It is the sun which draws it from this dull course into the pleasant curve of subjection. Yet the sun's victory is only partial, the earth's actual path being a combination of its own straight line of inclination and obedience to the pull of the sun. And so instead of the "dull thought drawn out endlessly" we have the beautiful thought of the changing seasons, the flowers and fruits of the earth, with its ever varying weather, sunshine and storm, heat and cold.

All He Knew.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (tearfully)—I don't know, sir; they left here all right!—London Punch.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

THE VALENTINE MYTH.

One Theory as to the Origin of the Variety Stage.

It is not easy to trace the variety stage back to its earliest beginnings, for the scent begins to grow faint in antebellum days, and the trail loses itself beyond recall in the early forties, about which period we encounter traces of what may be called the "Bill Valentine Myth." This I will relate as it was imparted to me by Mr. Valentine himself in the small Coney Island pavilion that he conducted during his later years.

Mr. Valentine's story is that many years before the civil war, probably in the early forties, he opened a small place of amusement somewhere on the east side of New York city. (It must have been small indeed, for there is no record of it in T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage.") Uncertain what to call his place of entertainment, he applied to a friend for a fitting name.

"What sort of an entertainment are you going to give?" said the friend.

"Well, I'm going to give a variety of things," said Mr. Valentine.

"Then why not call it a variety show?" suggested the other.

And thereupon, according to this myth, the term "variety show" came into use.—James L. Ford in McClure's Magazine.

Why She Opened the Letter.

Willis—I'm sorry your wife opened that business letter I sent you, Harris. You told me that she never opened your letters.

Harris—She doesn't, as a rule, Willis, but, you see, you marked it "private."

A Little Too Young.

New Boarder—How's the fare here? Old Boarder—Well, we have chicken every morning. New Boarder—That's first-rate! How is it served? Old Boarder—In the eggs.—Brooklyn Life.

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for licenses for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and distillers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 10, A. D. 1909.

HOTEL LICENSES.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. F. Connelly, Connelly Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic street. Residence same.

A. W. Eykabroat, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 & 21 Mechanic street. Residence same.

R. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, or New St. James Hotel, No. 2 to No. 10 South Avenue. Residence same.

B. F. Hamilton, Capitol Hotel, Nos. 46 & 48 Main street. Residence same.

P. J. Hennessy, The New Pierce House, Nos. 127 & 129 Main street. Residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at Northwest corner of Main & Davis streets. Residence same.

C. B. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 & 86 Main street. Residence same.

P. H. Laville, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main street. Residence same.

B. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main street. Residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 124 & 126 Main street. Residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17 & 19 Davis street. Residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 & 7 Mechanic street. Residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 53 & 55 Main street. Residence same.

Clara B. Smith, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 & 89 Main street. Residence same.

Harry G. Solt, Washington House, Nos. 12, 14 & 16 Webster street. Residence same.

A. C. Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 18 & 20 Webster street. Residence same.

R. S. Watterson, Oil City House, Nos. 122 & 124 Main street. Residence same.

N. Weil, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 & 16 Pine street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. H. Lyons, Alcin House, Nos. 15 & 17 W. Washington street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

E. A. Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos. 211 to 215 Main street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Patrick Keane, Tuna Valley House, No. 418 East Main street. Residence same.

Patrick M. White, American House, No. 444 East Main street. Residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner Main & Depot streets. Residence Eldred borough.

B. W. Rice, Central Hotel, No. 70 Main street. Residence Eldred borough.

Thomas J. Slavin, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets. Residence Eldred borough.

Foster Township.

W. F. Parks, New City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway. Residence New City.

Hamlin Township.

Fritz Block, Eckhart House, S. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

S. Louden, Hotel Manor, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 & 21 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Dawson P. Crowe, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 & 157 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Annie F. Donovan, New Arlington Hotel, No. 15 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

P. W. Durkin, Keasley Hotel, No. 120 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel Lamont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Morris H. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 96 to 97 W. side of Fraley street. Residence same.

W. W. Swalley and Martin B. Groat, Griffin Hotel, Nos. 75 & 77 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Andrew Mangan and Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 & 64 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 & 16 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hearst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 102, 104, 106 & 108 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Lafayette Township.

Simon E. Cooney, Bradford House, Lewis Run. Residence Lewis Run, Pa.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford. Residence Marshburg, Pa.

Jas. Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Ridgeville. Residence Mount Alton, Pa.

John J. McCluceney, Davis House, Mount Alton, west side of street leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville. Residence Mount Alton, Pa.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

B. D. Thompson, Louden House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

Otto Township.

James W. Belknap, Duke House, Duke Center, W. side of Main street. Residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler—The Butler House, S. E. cor. Main and Mill streets. Residence Port Allegany borough.

C. S. King, Sartwell House, S. side of Mill street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

P. Regan, Connolly House, Nos. 5 & 7 Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Samuel St. Clair, Pearl Street Hotel & Restaurant, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

William Vanscickles, Allegany House, N. side of Mill street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, Boyer House, Clermont. Residence Clermont, Pa.

Fred J. Stiles, Clermont House, Clermont, corner of Pine street and Main Highway. Residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, cor. Main and Mechanic streets. Residence of John O. Dodge, Keating Township, Frank L. Sherburne, Smethport borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main street. Residence Smethport borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, S. side of West Main street. Residence Smethport borough.

F. L. McCrary, Cottage House, cor. of Water and Fulton streets. Residence Smethport borough.

T. H. Purtle, Commercial House, cor. of Main and Franklin streets. Residence Smethport borough.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. T. O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Cafe, No. 46 Mechanic street. Residence 160 Pleasant street.

Hamlin Township.

John Carl Block, The White Star Restaurant and Cafe, Hazelhurst, Pa., north side of Main street on Lot No. 1. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

W. E. Parsons, Union Restaurant, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George B. Ray, Lyceum Cafe, No. 5 Field street. Residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Samuel St. Clair, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Augustus Lanshoffer, City Restaurant, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Chas. H. Brown, No. 138 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

Frank J. Collins, doing business as N. R. Collins & Co., No. 102 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer & Co., No. 130 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

H. M. Plague, No. 6 Mechanic street. Residence Bradford City.

Saul Worthman, No. 95 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 61 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W. Berry, No. 138 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

John E. Henley, No. 72 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lunden, N. side of Main street. Residence Mount Jewett borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayor, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Hungerville, S. side of Main street in square No. 82. Residence Smethport borough.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City—First Ward.

John Montelcone, No. 29 Webster street. Residence Bradford city.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

P. H. Davitt, No. 56 Mechanic street. Residence Bradford city.

Eldred Borough.

E. B. Tanner, W. side of Railroad street opp. Penna. R. R. depot. Residence Eldred borough.

Hamlin Township.

Alfred Hagberg, Hazelhurst, Lot No. 10, E. side of Randall street. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 20 Field street. Residence Kane borough.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, William Hanley, President, Delevan Emery, secretary, Nos. 19 to 29 Fourth street. Its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within fifteen days after the same are granted or they will be void; excepting those granted to sell liquor at retail, shall have until the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license to lift the same.

FRANK B. FOSTER, Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 20, 1909.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—of the—

BOROUGH of SMETHPORT

For the Year 1908.

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1906 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	$ 372 11	$ 372 11
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	353 51	
By 5% paid commission for collecting $372 11	18 60	372 11

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	117 47	117 47
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	111 60	
By 5% commission for collecting $117 47	5 87	117 47

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1907 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	819 01	819 01
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	159 43	
By 5% commission for collecting $159 40	9 07	
By exoneration allowed by council	111 98	
By 5% added on above exonerations $31 98	1 59	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	537 34	819 01

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance outstanding as per last audit	236 13	236 13
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	52 63	
By 5% commission for collecting $55 40	2 77	
By exoneration allowed by council	31 66	
By 5% added on above exonerations $31 98	1 58	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	147 47	236 13

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1908 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	3733 81	
To 5% added on $3522 87 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	36 14	3769 95
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	3099 13	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $3522 91	160 11	
By 2% commission for collecting $3160 24	63 20	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	403 79	
By 5% commission for collecting $403 13	24 40	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	568 98	3769 95

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	1063 41	
To 5% added on $126 17 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	6 30	1069 71
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	750 93	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $857 93	41 85	
By 2% commission for collecting $795 23	15 90	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	114 16	
By 2% commission for collecting $120 16	6 00	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	132 37	1060 71

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr

To amount of duplicate	3488 84	
To 5% added on $449 58 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	22 47	3511 31
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	2460 73	
By 5% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $2952 50	132 63	
By 2% commission for collecting $2520 13	50 40	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	397 18	
By 2% commission for collecting $390 59	30 31	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	472 06	3511 31

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with

Borough General Fund

Dr

To balance on hand as per last audit	$ 1248 63	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	353 51	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	180 43	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	3550 86	
To cash from Co. Treas. Jaberwock, licenses	631 75	
To cash from State Treasurer, foreign insurance	126 84	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, licenses and fines	94 40	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, dog tax	14 00	
To cash from St. Com., repairing and cleaning sidewalks	41 00	
To cash from Chas. Smith, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	10 33	
To cash from McCabe, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	43 57	
To cash for lite	4 71	6285 66
Or		
By paid police duty	720 00	
By paid street commissioner	900 00	
By paid labor on street	421 10	
By paid material for streets	187 68	
By paid team work on streets	80 88	
By paid lumber and tile	92 16	
By paid freight & drayage	42 67	
By paid hardware & repairs	140 51	
By paid blacksmithing	31 15	
By paid J. C. Cunningham for lease of dumping ground	20 00	
By paid Lina Herzog for tile	15 00	
By paid Smethport Water Co. for water	800 00	
By paid printing	169 34	
By paid feeding prisoners	14 50	
By paid special election	24 50	
By paid F. R. Foster for making out duplicate	15 00	
By paid burgess' salary	50 00	
By paid attorney and fees	154 15	
By paid secretary and postage	88 88	
By paid auditors	99 00	
By paid engineering and surveying	88 00	
By paid insurance	110 00	
By paid Dr. John Clark, secretary Board of Health	50 00	
By paid M. L. Eagen for disinfecting houses	74 50	
By paid H. C. Wells, drugs for disinfectant	17 10	
By paid Firemen's Relief Association, foreign insurance	110 84	
By paid Henry Biever, work on fire engine	16 00	
By paid supplies for Hose Co.	26 95	
By paid S. Sloan Co., hydrants	91 00	
By paid 5% commission on above disbursements, $1887 30	77 75	
By balance in hands of treasurer	2320 58	6285 66

Borough Bond Fund

Dr

To balance on hand as per last audit	142 87	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	111 60	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	52 63	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	893 40	1200 20
Cr		
By paid borough bonds Nos. 47-48 and 57	800 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	160 00	
By paid 2% commission on above $800 00	19 20	
By balance in hands of treasurer	221 00	1200 20

Borough Paving Bond

Dr

To cash from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. (Bond)	$2832 40	$2832 40
Cr		
By paid Louis Gipp Construction Co.	17701 05	
By paid labor	910 17	
By paid Engineer A. F. Bannon Jr.	716 00	
By paid Penn. Metal Culvert Co., culverts	1280 51	
By paid St. Marys Sewer Co., tile	103 17	
By paid Holmes & Griffin, material	22 29	
By paid printing	12 00	
By paid freight	76 02	
By paid Samuel Green, team work	21 62	
By paid telephone message	3 10	
By paid 1% commission on above, $2699 18	209 18	
By balance in hands of treasurer	12810 87	32832 40

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr

To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	2830 91	2830 91
Cr		
By paid interest on bonds Nos. 1 to 48	918 00	
By paid 1% commission on above $918 00	9 18	
By balance in hands of treasurer	1879 43	2830 91

LIABILITIES

Bonds outstanding, Nos. 58 to 61 inclusive	$ 2000 00	
Paving bonds outstanding Nos. 1 to 68 inclusive	12832 40	
Due Louis Gipp Construction Co. on $2941 40	5010 35	21342 75
RESOURCES		
Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding general fund	532 64	
Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding bond fund	147 47	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding general fund	568 98	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding bond fund	132 37	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding paving bond fund	472 06	
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, general fund	2320 58	
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, bond fund	221 00	
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving fund	12810 87	
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving bond fund	1879 43	
Due from property owners extra 3 foot width of paving	1247 50	
Due from sewer assessment —old matters	823 17	
Liabilities in excess of resources	21007 50	41342 75

And now, March 12th, 1909, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balances as above stated.

C. B. COBWIN,
J. A. SWANSON,
Auditors.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention. Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonningport,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
PHONES { Bell Office Main 98 } OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:00 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 400 W. King St.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.